

# Maclean's

JANUARY 5, 1981

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# 1980

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## EDITORIAL

# Lusting for a niche in history, Trudeau could wreck our future



By Peter C. Newman

Ever since Pierre Trudeau was returned to office 18 months ago, his government has exerted its magnetic and its meditative in mysterious ways. Through his constitutional shufflings and energy policy penches, the prime minister has attained a peculiar perch seldom achieved by any of his predecessors: he has managed to alienate every region of the country at the same time. Just about the only unifying activity left in Canada by year's end is stacking poison pins into Trudeau dolls. (American voters, incidentally, are much smarter than we are. They don't wait around vaguely wondering if the next politician is going to be any better than the last one. Some people in New Jersey are promoting buttons that read: **REP EACH TRAGAN REGRIS IT'S TOO LATE**.)

The explanation for the quantum leap in Trudeau's unlikable tendencies is deceptively simple. Having decided to quit politics in the fall of 1979 and devote his declining years to collecting Margaret folklores, Trudeau received a disillusioning surprise. As he leafed through his political obituaries, reading the various summings-up of his prime ministerial career, he realized that history would remember him for very little. His chief monuments, it seemed, would be his brave attempts to turn the War Measures Act and French-

language restrictions about how to pour milk onto curfies into motherhood issues.

Once Menus Cecchi, Davey and MacEachen had restored Trudeau to his rightful place beside the heated swimming pool at 84 Sussex, Elmslie decided it was time to launch some grandiose flights of statesmanship so that he wouldn't end up in a footnote, described as the guy who beat Joe Clark.

The result has been a drastic shuffling of political priorities in Ottawa which has seen old ideas (patristic the constitution) presented as mind-blowers and new concepts (the Canadianization of the oil industry) slung in the traditional reinements of worthy policies long overdue.

Both these objectives are eminently worthwhile. But the first law of politics is that it is the act of making the necessary possible. New legislative initiatives, especially such fundamental reforms as are now being debated, require the creation of a nationwide thrusting consensus—the gradual bringing together of people's natural tendency to oppose change with the realization that what they're being asked to approve is an idea whose time has come.

What we have had instead is a year that shattered the detached tranquillity of Canadian life. In his headlong rush to make history, Pierre Trudeau threatens to unwind the history we have so far made.

## Maclean's

JAN. 4, 1980

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# Lip service for Canada's poor

A mini-city-state out of touch with tough times in the land

By Robert Lewis

In a year that promises so little economic cheer, the poor are fortunate to be so well represented at the next of the national government. Over the years, caring politicians have reduced their numbers to a level that barely surpasses the population of British Columbia. Their common cause is restricted at best once a year in Parliament Hill, where people know all about budgeting for lunch. In the Ottawa suburbs, it seems the plight of the impoverished is only less trendy than Pierre Trudeau's conviction, Prime Leogrand's aid and Joe Clark's leadership. Why, just the other day the prime minister took time out from planning a trip to Africa and Latin America to produce a "commemorative" guide to help-fighting "against a bill more on food than other things."

Poor Pierre Trudeau, he saves the Ottawa and a whole bunch of folks cash off to misinterpret. And Margaree Hartling, a 46-year-old mother with three tired eyes that come from raising eight children in hard times she claims people "have cut everything to begin with." Of course, you'd expect Mrs. Hartling to talk that way, since 1971 she has been a chief officer of the poor people's lobby in Ottawa, the National Anti-Poverty Organization. Another winner is Margaree Mason, 71, past president of the Council on Aging in Ottawa. She is so confused about Trudeau's bill instead of saying "let's just give 'em a hand."



Trudeau, spend a bit more on food...

While both Mrs. Hartling and Mason to at least three million people begin the new year below the official poverty line—that is, by habitually spending 60 per cent of their incomes on only three items: food, clothing and shelter. Almost one-quarter of Canada's retired couples and 40 per cent of unattached individuals—most of them women—had similar, modest problems. Of the 23 million full-age persons, more than half subjected to a test to claim the Guaranteed Income Supplement. Officials estimate that about \$300,000 more need apply, only because they were too poor to declare themselves in poverty or ashamed to be paperwork burden.

In fairness to the prime minister, he has articulated a powerful sense of justice toward the underprivileged, at least since 1965 when he passed concerns in parliament: "The present distribution of revenue and wealth among social groups and various regions of Canada is plainly unacceptable." Essentially, he has had no more success in righting imbalances than governments since 1955. In 1970, according to the Canadian Council on Social Development, 45.6 per cent of all individuals had to go to the richest 38 per cent of the population—those earning more than \$30,000—while only four per cent went to the poorest 30 per cent. The pattern, basically, has remained unchanged for 30 years.

Canada's social security system is often described as

avertible—and properly so, compared to many parts of the globe. Still, Ottawa's efforts by three levels of government have, according to the source, "probably changed the incomes of the top and bottom deciles grown by only two to three per cent in the direction of greater equality." What the Parliament Hill mob needs is a Millionaire's Palace to get back on track with these earthly realities. Somehow, may MPs, bureaucrats and experts on Parliament Hill have slipped into a slough of subsidy in this mini-city-state out of time with tough times in the real Canada market. Trouble lies ahead on jet planes, unlikable spending on services and other when have become the norm. Life in the national kitchen is a full of special tensions. To be sure, but it is doubtful that one could spend a \$1 million salary for meals on Parliament Hill. More profoundly, the old club on the Hill has grown into an elite of special interests. Conservatives

in the media, grown too friendly with the powerful, amplify official voices among pay raises—as if there is something terribly tacky about government, something that their lens may be, long as everyone else from the PM down, the place is overrun with married singles and bachelors, affluent couples and young man-on-street sales without financial care. Dedicated though they are, they are often out of joint with a nation of families, seniors and poor people. The office of power, when qualified as so and so in itself, can be blinding. The officers of the state are treated like a horse race, with monthly averages—seasonally adjusted.

Dennis Oso, a self-described "former bio-ocular workman" and sociologist at Ottawa's Carleton University, chalks up the blur to a class struggle of sorts. To the Oso Kien (McGill and Stewart), they he believes that there are enough power brokers of wealth, "with enough continuity to ensure that... the private ownership and control of wealth are safely preserved." The rules "keep political power" by sharing the reins with an apparently mobile caste of managers. "It is the class rather than the upper class," Oso concludes, "that must struggle and engage in politics in order to secure favorable policies from the state."

The solution is redistribution, says the social development expert, as to transfer income away from families at the top. The hitch is that, starting at least, a year, many of the wealthiest regard themselves, at best, as only comfortably middle class—especially at the supermarket checkout counters. They also tend to line up an ornate "exit" voters at election time and largely determine which party takes power. So that being, Margaree Hartling should be patient with her recent plea for an extended "right to be free from want." In Ottawa, these days, that is not their word.

Robert Lewis is Madras's Ottawa bureau chief.

# No applause for this performance

"Running a theatre is a political and social responsibility"

By Leon Major

It was outraged at the Stratford Festival Foundation Board's firing of its artistic director, I am scandalized by that board's inactivity in the profession it pretends to represent.

The issue of a Canadian artistic director at Stratford is only one of the problems confronting the Festival board members. This is a forum for their house there are some basic principles that the Stratford board (as well as other boards) is ignoring.

Something has gone wrong. It is unhealthy when a theatre is entrusted to a group of men and women who have nothing of the art of theatre. A theatre is made up of the hearts and souls of the actors, directors, designers—the professionals—who live with, sharing, responsibility to these artists.

These artists (and apparent disclaimers for the community of Stratford), are a small group of people, a 1980s version of the Family Compact, who seem to believe that corporate power and group votes operate theatre.

When I was artistic director of two theatres, I was accused of trying to function as an undisciplined Caesar. These accusations were correct. I fought, as my artistic director would, to ensure there was creative freedom for the professionals working in these theatres.

Now the reverse is happening—the boards are becoming the emperors. Well, so the operation of any artistic enterprise, better to have a Caesar as artistic director than Nero as a board. The Stratford mess is surely proof of that. Look at the Stratford board's appalling behavior demonstrated by the firing of the artistic director and the attempted firing of Englishman John Denis, in what can only be seen as an expensive and presumptuous act.

I don't want to see borders closed. The exchange of artists and ideas from elsewhere is vital to the progress of our arts and artists, but I firmly believe that there comes a time when our theatres must be run by the people who have a stake in this country.

When Tyrone Guthrie was invited to organize and run the Stratford Festival in 1958 we needed him, we needed his expertise, his energy and his enormous talent and dedication. But there comes a time when that kind of help is no longer necessary. Art is the self-expression of a nation, then it must be practiced by the people of that nation who have committed themselves to it.

A country cannot buy internationalism. As far as I'm concerned, imperialism in the grounds of internationalism is a nationalistic, an excuse not to hire someone within our borders. International greatness emerges from confidence, and the achievement of this greatness, since it has not been thrust upon us, requires much practice. Every time we bring someone in, we give him time to practice, and

deny ourselves the opportunity to acquire this experience. Denial is a free director. He has directed all over the world, and it might have been very exciting to have him direct a play for us. But there is a great difference between directing a play and running a large institution. Before we ever try to parachute such a person in again and hand him the awesome task of running our largest theatrical organization, let him find out about us, let him meet the theatre people he might work with, let him see our artistic environment, let him feel some understanding of the nature of our society—let him do all this before making policy decisions that affect every theatre in the country. Running a theatre does not consist of just choosing plays and actors, it is a political and social responsibility as well.

When Robin Phillips was appointed artistic director of Stratford in 1973, many of us cried out, "no." Not because we questioned Phillips' ability,

for he is a very fine director, but because of our feelings concerning the manner in which the country's theatres should work. At a meeting attended by some members of the theatre community and some members of the Stratford board, these board members agreed that it would never happen again. Never again would an artistic director be chosen by the board, but the theatre community and some members of the Stratford board, these board members agreed that it would never happen again. Never again would an artistic director be chosen by the board, but the theatre community and some members of the Stratford board, these board members agreed that it would never happen again. Never again would an artistic director be chosen by the board, but the theatre community and some members of the Stratford board, these board members agreed that it would never happen again.



But again Canadians were almost biased toward in favor of an import. Why? I believe the premium of the Stratford board at the time were genuine. What changed?

Rational economic. The cost of producing plays at Stratford, in everywhere, has skyrocketed, and tourism has increased so much that the board was afraid that a Canadian could not meet the challenge. That Canadian leadership could not attract the "stars" who draw tourists that the town of Stratford has become reliant on for economic solvency.

But artistic policy must go beyond economics. It must deal with the hopes of the nation as well as the aspirations of actors, musicians and dancers. It must deal with the community in which they work and it must deal with the continuing development of the artistic expression of the country.

It is thus understanding of the arts and their place in our Canadian society that members of all boards of all arts institutions must consider. In their position they must be responsible and be seen to be responsible, not just for the balance sheet, but to the artists and audiences as well.

This is it—either we're going to have our own theatre in this country or we're going to sell out. The Muse of Mammon.

Leon Major is a Toronto free-lance theatre director and for many years general and artistic director of Toronto Arts Productions.

## The face behind the cardboard cutout

Farley Mowat has always been something of a performer in life. He has used his appearance—the usually, brooding, bearded man of a beard—as something to hide behind, and if that didn't work he would always resort to his bad-boy image. Over the years he has built a reputation of being a prickly, unapproachable maverick who at formal dinners has been known to hurl his hatchets and other private parts at the top of his Suburban table. But at 58, with almost 30 million books in print, he is enjoying and making fewer public appearances. Recently, his publisher, McClelland & Stewart, released Mowat's 25th book, *The World of Farley Mowat*, a collection of his works. Now, he says, he's moving from books to film, just as he once moved from writing short stories for magazines to book writing. In the privacy of his 200-year-old home in Port Hope on the shore of Lake Ontario, where no performance was necessary, he spoke to Maclean's senior writer Warren Gervais about being a wight, his disappointments, his hopes and his life.



*'What I didn't realize is that the public has an image of me as a pugacious, touchy, edgy little red-bearded son of a bitch.'*

**Maclean's:** What are you doing now?

**Mowat:** I've been very lucky. All my life, through no conscious effort, I have moved at exactly the right time. After I came back from the war, I wrote for about 50 or 60 American magazines, an awful lot of short stories during which the Arctic, but by 1952 the market was hitting apart and by that time I had moved into books. Now it seems the book market is falling apart and I'm stuck at first. Fortunately, my publisher has always been my friend. Films just came along. Two are being produced this year and will be released next year. One is *Never Cry Wolf*, which is being filmed in the Yukon by Carroll Ballard, the guy who did *The Great Escape*, and I like him. It's a film I think I'm going to be very happy about. The other one is a *Walden for the Killings* and this has turned into an absolute cornball of a disaster. Everything I hear about it makes me want to throw up. They even built a mechanized whale, just like that damned shark in *Jaws*, and it sank the first time they put it in the water. Serious stuff. The *Nova* [National Film Board] handed out to us half a million dollars to make the same series they did Margaret Laurence and, oddly enough, W.O. Mitchell—you know, the greatest non-writer in Canadian history. And now it looks like I will be producing, or co-producing, along with the NFB, three one-hour films.

films about the total polar region—as it was, as it is, as it will be. I was told that this film is such a way that the polar regions are a living, vibrant world, that is so intimately connected with our own world that if we screw it, we screw ourselves.

**Maclean's:** You have the reputation of being a prickly character. What is that all about?

**Mowat:** I act a role. I'm a cardboard cutout. I do it because I'm very uncomfortable. I don't like live parties. I don't like public appearances. So I put on my act. This is a pure defense mechanism. I have devised for myself. I can hide behind that outrageous red-bearded on-screen and everybody is looking at him. I don't have a presence for the [press]. Berton does, so I had to build a presence and it has served me very well. What I don't realize is that the public has an image of me as a pugacious, touchy, edgy, little red-bearded son of a bitch and a lot of people are afraid of me. The unfortunate part of it is that people who don't know me take it seriously, but you can't sell a book these days unless you go out and sell it. You write it, then you perform it, and that's fine if you like performing. I don't. I simply said, no,

there's no way I'm going to do it on screen.

**Maclean's:** Does this defiance, prickly disposition mean that Farley Mowat doesn't care?

**Mowat:** I pretend that I couldn't give a damn about academic acceptance as a writer. I pretend I am a free soul, untouched by the need for standardized recognition. I rest my case upon the fact that I am a universal folk figure. How do you like that?

**Maclean's:** Do you consider yourself an intellectual?

**Mowat:** Hell, no. I'm not an intellectual. I don't think consciously about what I've done. I'm a subjective individual. I trust implicitly—and that's a large man's way I'm sure—in what the subconscious will do for me if I can get it to co-operate. When it won't, I say, screw it, leave it, forget it, but if the subconscious does agree to co-operate, then I don't have to do much as the conscious level. This is what I have to hope for in every book—that at some time it will take off on its own.

**Maclean's:** Where do you fit in Canada's literary establishment?

**Mowat:** The book is like everything else in my life. I don't fit in anywhere and I

## THE SCHENLEY AWARDS

Since 1953, the Schenley Awards have recognized outstanding performance in Canadian Professional Football.

Originally awarded only to the most outstanding player, the Schenley Awards are now given in five categories. Nominees and winners are selected by a body of 96 football writers and broadcasters across the country.

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## MOST OUTSTANDING PLAYER

- 1979 David Green, Montreal
- 1976 Tony Gahleit, Ottawa
- 1977 Jimmy Edwards, Hamilton
- 1978 Ron Lancaster, Saskatchewan
- 1975 Willie Burton, Calgary
- 1974 Tim Wolkstein, Edmonton
- 1973 George McQuinn, Edmonton
- 1972 Garney Sinyard, Hamilton
- 1971 Don Jones, Winnipeg
- 1970 Ron Lancaster, Saskatchewan
- 1969 Ray Jackson, Ottawa
- 1968 Bill Symons, Toronto
- 1967 Peter Lusk, Calgary
- 1966 Russ Jackson, Ottawa
- 1965 George Reed, Saskatchewan
- 1964 Lowell Coleman, Calgary
- 1963 Russ Jackson, Ottawa
- 1962 George Dixon, Montreal
- 1961 Bernie Palmer, Hamilton
- 1960 Jackie Parker, Edmonton
- 1959 Johnny Bright, Edmonton
- 1958 Jackie Parker, Edmonton
- 1957 Jackie Parker, Edmonton
- 1956 Hal Patterson, Montreal
- 1955 Pat Anderson, Montreal
- 1954 Sam Ellsworth, Montreal
- 1953 Billy Vessels, Edmonton

## MOST OUTSTANDING LINEMAN

- 1977 Ray Newton, B.C.
- 1972 John Horton, Calgary
- 1971 Wayne Harris, Calgary
- 1970 Wayne Harris, Calgary
- 1969 John McGinnis, Edmonton
- 1968 Ken Leckman, Ottawa
- 1967 Ed McQuinn, Saskatchewan
- 1966 Wayne Harris, Calgary
- 1965 Wayne Harris, Calgary
- 1964 Tom Brown, B.C.
- 1963 Tom Brown, B.C.
- 1962 John Morris, Hamilton
- 1961 Frank Rogers, Winnipeg
- 1960 Herb Gray, Winnipeg
- 1959 Roger Nelson, Edmonton
- 1958 Don Lunn, Calgary
- 1957 Kerry Vaughan, Ottawa
- 1956 Kerry Vaughan, Ottawa
- 1955 Ted Coulter, Montreal



## MOST OUTSTANDING OFFENSIVE LINEMAN

- 1979 Mike Wilson, Edmonton
- 1978 Jim Givens, Ottawa
- 1977 Al Wilson, B.C.
- 1976 Dan Fuchs, Montreal
- 1975 Charlie Turner, Edmonton
- 1974 Ed George, Montreal

## MOST OUTSTANDING DEFENSIVE PLAYER

- 1979 Rex Zamboni, Hamilton
- 1978 Dave Finkel, Edmonton
- 1977 Don Reay, Edmonton
- 1976 Bill Bailey, B.C.
- 1975 Jim Campbell, Toronto
- 1974 John Nelson, Calgary

## MOST OUTSTANDING ROOKIE

- 1979 Drew Kelly, Edmonton
- 1978 Joe Fegredo, Winnipeg
- 1977 Leon Blythe, B.C.
- 1976 John Schorr, B.C.
- 1975 Tom Clements, Ottawa
- 1974 Sam Gajdosovich, Toronto
- 1973 Johnny Rodgers, Montreal
- 1972 Chuck Ealey, Hamilton

## MOST OUTSTANDING CANADIAN

- 1979 Dave Finkel, Edmonton
- 1978 Tony Gahleit, Ottawa
- 1977 Tony Gahleit, Ottawa
- 1976 Tony Gahleit, Ottawa
- 1975 Jim Fitch, Ottawa
- 1974 Tony Gahleit, Hamilton
- 1973 Gerry Gagn, Ottawa
- 1972 Jim Young, B.C.
- 1971 Terry Brundage, Montreal
- 1970 Jim Young, B.C.
- 1969 Russ Jackson, Ottawa
- 1968 Ken Norton, Winnipeg
- 1967 Terry Brundage, Calgary
- 1966 Russ Jackson, Ottawa
- 1965 Russ Jackson, Hamilton
- 1964 Tommy Grant, Hamilton
- 1963 Russ Jackson, Ottawa
- 1962 Harvey White, Calgary
- 1961 Tony Panchukovich, Calgary
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certainly don't fit into the book world. I'm an anomaly in the publishing world in Canada and always have been since my first book (*People of the Deer*) in 1983, which was the first piece of subjective nonfiction published in this country and it caused all sorts of controversy because nobody could categorize it. And Canadians, if they have one characteristic that's supreme, is that they are good categorizers. I never fitted in and I liked that because I never fitted in anywhere in my life. I grew up that way. We were nomads, moving from one place to another, never settling for very long anywhere. It gives me a unique opportunity to connect from the outside looking in. And it probably had some pretty deleterious effects on me emotionally. It made me terribly defensive, prickly.

**Maclean's:** Why do you think your books have been such an uncomfortable mirror?

**Mowat:** If there's such a thing as a mirror for my international readers, it is the fact that I'll be prone to re-establish their expectations with the real world—the world of the other beasts. And everybody yawns for that. I keep telling people we're not alone, we're not alone as our own planet—just, but we're sure as hell moving in that direction.

**Maclean's:** Why haven't you written as much as you want?

**Mowat:** I can't write adult novels. It probably has to do with my father (Augsie Mowat, a librarian and writer), who persuaded me to write a novel from the time I was going up until he died. He wrote two novels. They weren't very good and they meant very, very much to me. He stopped writing them, but he never stopped putting the pressure on me. The first two or three books he accepted as preparatory work for when I would write the great Canadian novel, and so three years and I didn't write it, the pressure built and he became less supportive and less sympathetic. *A Whale for the Killing* (1972), which was a good book, when that came out I thought he would like it. He was very cool. I think he said, 'You started to write a novel, why didn't you finish it?' I said, 'But I didn't, it wasn't a novel, it's subjective nonfiction, it's emotional confession.' And he said, 'You're scared it's.'

**Maclean's:** In recent years you have become less of a public figure. What are you doing with yourself now?

**Mowat:** I'm pretty well locked myself away for eight months of the year in Cape Breton. I'm occupied with things like growing a garden, contemplating the land, the world around me, the sea, the woods, the forest, and I'm very interested in maintaining a neutral position with the people around me. I have learned by bitter experience that once I



*"Once I involve myself in people's lives, I become an irritant."*

involve myself in their lives I become an irritant. It has happened in Newfoundland, whenever I have lived as an adult, so I'm making a tremendous, conscious effort not to be an irritant in this region. I achieve a degree of acceptance now that I've never had anywhere else.

**Maclean's:** You went into something of a literary megalomania after you wrote *A Whale for the Killing*. Was that because they held the whole and you wanted to see it?

**Mowat:** That may have been the saddest thing that happened in my life. I had conceived of Newfoundlanders as the last privileged human beings left in our part of the world. They seemed to have all the qualities that I considered really good and how much of this was a projection of my mind and how much was reality I never knew, but when the conflict began over *A Whale for the Killing* it was absolutely shattering. It shattered the dream I had built and it has shattered the conviction I had made. I was very down after that and I didn't write anything for a long time afterwards.

**Maclean's:** Was this the first time something like this happened?

**Mowat:** In Newfoundland I had a terrible sense of disappointment, but with the Eskimos I am overwhelmed by a sense of guilt. I feel guilty in this day and I always will. I wish and I was disappointed. Not with *People of the Deer*, but with *The Dispersed People* (1989). *People of the Deer* was against all the right things. I was against the hold of the church, the hold of the po-

lice, the whole domination of the Eskimos by this tight group, but in *The Dispersed People* I was accused by a deputy minister—I don't know what he was—in the department of northern affairs. He convinced me that the way for the Eskimos to survive was to join us, become part of us, and for a period of three or four years I was his sports and I was wrong. That isn't the way for them to survive, that is the way for them to disappear. I think I did the Eskimos a terrible disservice. I feel badly, but on the other hand I don't think it would have gone any other way. Maybe this is a cop-out.

**Maclean's:** Are you still as pessimistic about mankind as you once were?

**Mowat:** I am cautiously optimistic. I am so fearful for the human race except a glimmer over the top and down, but I don't, and that's terribly depressing because I don't consider the human race as absolute, ultimate in creation. It never has been, never will be. We're pecking with incredible velocity like a rickety and we'll come down the one. It doesn't bother me very much. That makes life terrible for me as to keep telling myself that I am an animal. That's where I belong. I dissociate myself from the human connection in the usual sense. Most human beings think of the human species as an absolute entity that is immortal. I refuse to accept that. That way lies madness. I think of myself as part of the other huge series of animal entities. And as that please I can rest my weary head and preserve my sanity. ☐

# THE SCHENLEY AWARDS



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## Not for every saint a halo

*Bollandist monks labor over an encyclopedia of Christianity, sifting fact from legend*

By Peter Lewis

The years fare faster than the pages for the elderly men poring over manuscripts in an octo-pend library in Brussels. Between the use of them, they have put in two centuries of scholarly labor on a single work. But the book spans which they have labored for so long, a catalogue of Catholic saints called the *Acta Sanctorum*, is hardly a fraction closer to completion than on the day they approached the

cannot be properly attributed or confirmed, we do not necessarily reject the saint," explains Father Devos. "In the case of a major figure, we just point out that proof is wanting."

This is true of St. George, who failed to leave a witness around the day he saved a maiden from the dragon, but still qualifies for sainthood because of his legendary prowess.

Father Devos says St. George is a fine example of how a society's values are mirrored in the saints it reveres—chiv-

oldest of the current generation of Bollandists retires or dies he may not be immediately replaced.

"Our two oldest Bollandists are 80 and 77, and the order can presently lay its hands on only one young scholar with the right qualifications to take over," says Father Devos.

The Bollandists are willing to admit, in their unapologetic manner, that the *Acta Sanctorum* may never be completed at all. The reason is not simply that there are fewer priests on hand to take up the burden but also that data on saints has increased staggeringly over the decades as a result of the Soli-



task. The work was begun in 1600 and now stretches to 87 volumes. Only through the widest good fortune will it be finished by the end of this century.

The men from the latest generation of Bollandists, a tiny band of scholars—priests named after a Belgian Jesuit, John van Bolland, who penned the first two volumes. The *Acta Sanctorum* is based on the feast days of saints, and Bolland's endeavors, published in 1643, cover only the month of January. The February section appeared in 1658, in three volumes. By now the Bollandists, who delve into the lives of saints to sift the facts from the legend—often lingering as impostor in the process—have reached mid-November in the work.

These Jesuit scholars suffer no dearth of saints to write about. At last count, there were 8,000 mentioned in Latin hagiographies, another 1,300 in the church's Eastern archives and 1,500 in Greek manuscripts. "Fortunately, not all of them are worthy of mention in the *Acta*," says Father Paul Devos, who acts as spokesman for the Bollandists.

The Bollandists find that early church writings often attribute the same deed or martyrdom at the hands of rebels, to more than one saint. When this occurs they painstakingly cross-check their material—the Bollandist library contains some 450,000 volumes—to make the halo fit the right head. "But if we find that a saint's act

College of Saint-Michel, Brussels (below), Bollandist library; Father John van Bolland debunking the myths



only was all the rage in his day. Throughout the ages, virginity has been so prized that some women won sainthood for merely consorting to keep themselves pure in wild times. According to church records, at least one—known as Saint Liberata, Unaborn and Wifedom—gained sainthood by giving a beard.

How does one become a Bollandist? Of course, the library of Bollandistum assigns likely priests to the task of compiling the *Acta*, as it earmarks other devotees for pastoral or teaching functions. But recruitment of devotees, like that of other orders in the Catholic Church, has fallen so low that when the



data's own spidework and the findings of researchers in other lands. "We're simply swamped by material," concedes Father François Halais, another Bollandist.

But the *Acta* could also be doomed because, in Father Devos' words, its original function has ceased to correspond to the faith of religious life. When John van Bolland took over the catalogue, started in 1600 by Hieronymus Ruysbroeck, he wanted to debunk the myths about saints in order to stop common folk from worshipping them as idols, at the expense of God and the church. Nowadays, however, superstition among the church's flock has largely receded and few Catholics, if any, show an unhealthy interest in saints. "I suppose the record no longer needs to be set straight," suggests Father Devos, in the dusty silence of the Bollandist library. "It has straggled itself." ☐

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CANADA

## We scratch theirs, they scratch ours

*A case for investment in the well-being of the poor*

By John Hay

Prime Minister Pierre Trudeau had more on his mind than stem obitaries as he prepared to start a three-continent tour this week with a stopover in Africa. The PM was facing two weeks of loosely sunset meetings in Africa and Latin America which just might improve relations between rich and poor countries—as well as brighten his own international reputation. After jousting with Austrian Chancellor Bruno Kreisky at Bad Gastein, Trudeau is due in Algeria, Nigeria, Senegal, Brazil and Mexico. All, as it happens, play critical roles in the interrelated, often painful, bargaining sessions under way between the poor South and rich North. Kreisky is one of two signatories of a 15-nation North-South summit tentatively scheduled in Mexico next June. Mexican President José López Portillo is the other. Plans for that summit are endangered, however, by the failure of separate talks—a United Nations agreement over the agenda for its own so-called global negotiations at rich-poor issues which were to start this winter.

Among the chief sponsors of the talks is Algeria, which has been quietly considering the value of the summit if its preferred global negotiations collapse before they begin. Trudeau thus steps onto brittle diplomatic ice when he reaches Algeria Jan. 6 to join the merits of both the summit and the negotiations that Algeria is backing. But this is only one of the divisors that crisscross the underdeveloped world. Nigeria and Brazil, though still bedeviled by areas of intense poverty, are clearing the political referees that their growing wealth can buy—Nigeria as an oil exporter and Brazil as a burgeoning industrial power. Several, by contrast, shows all the signs of world poverty per-capita income at last count of \$307 a year, 90 per cent illiteracy and an economy crippled by aid prices. Against those divisors, Trudeau will try to convince his counterpart of their mutual interests in both reviving the tri-continental negotiations and supporting the summit.

Mutual interests between Canada and underdeveloped countries were also argued persuasively by the all-party Commons task force on North-South relations. After months of hearings, the group's final recommendations were hardly startling: step up foreign aid flow, back World Bank plans to subsidize energy projects in poor countries, link food aid to programs for self-sufficiency in recipient nations. More usefully, it sharpened a point too often ignored by stressing Canada's self-interest in promoting growth abroad. The group found, for instance, that the worldwide eradication of simalga has allowed the North to dominate costly automation machinery—saving rich countries more in a single year than their total investment in the World Health Organization's smallpox eradication program. Such the report: "Investment (and charity) in the well-being of the poor is frequently the best economic investment a country of the world can make."

In the longer run, Canada is already reaping trade benefits by exporting more to poor countries with more money to spend, since 1974, exports to the South have been growing faster than sales to the rich North countries. A mere nine per cent of Canadian ex-



Charles Herb Brown, Douglas Roche of North-South task force. Trudeau off for two weeks of loosely sunset



ports, however, flow to poor countries—five below the 10 per cent posted by the United States and 38 per cent by Japan. On the other hand, the task force concludes that opening trade with the South means opening Canada to imports from the South—a huge headache to governments sensitive to home industries which can't stand the heat of competition. Canada's elaborate textile import quotas, for example, tend to discourage poor nations from entering the job-rich textile trade while they keep cheap clothes off Canadian consumers' backs. Caught in this dilemma, the task force says the government must tend to the needs of Canadian industry and workers but "must not become trapped in protectionism."

Both Trudeau and the committee

Maclean's  
REV. TO 4000

could take some heart from the results of a \$500,000 opinion poll commissioned by the government to test public attitudes about aid. The full survey shows that fully 69 per cent of Canadians think aid should be maintained or increased against 30 per cent who want it cut. The poll does not show how many knew that the budget of the Canadian International Development Agency this year rose to \$3.2 billion. That is 43 per cent of the gross national product, *National Affairs* Minister Mark Macdonald says. It should rise to 5 per cent by mid-1980 and 7 per cent by 1990—a target set by Lester Pearson's aid study a decade ago. Asked whether Canada benefits from international development programs, 52 per cent agreed, 11 per cent disagreed. But for most people, Canadian interests are beside the point: asked why Canada should send aid, 59 per cent cited humanitarian reasons and 29 per cent mentioned Canada's own wealth, resources and technology. A slender seven per cent spoke of getting help in return. We want to see how many per cent cited trade. Unfortunately,

show polled men asked the harder questions—how many tax dollars should be spent on aid, say, or which industries in which towns should be phased out to make way for new imports. If the North-South conflicts are to be resolved, there are questions the Trudeau government itself must soon face. □

## Winnipeg

### The lady's not for burning

On Sept. 27, 1978, a 39-year-old court secretary, Katie Harper, is 22 years in prison for the 1956 murder of her first husband, John Down, on June 2, 1959. No defence witnesses were called at the trial and Harper, who has consistently insisted on her innocence, wasn't asked to testify. Macdonald's Manitoba correspondence, Peter Charles Gordon, has spent two years investigating her case.

often running her in prison. In 1979 her *Not an Affair* in the Manitoba Court of Appeal suggesting the Crown's case against her was scientifically impossible. The court refused a retrial in a 5-2 vote. However, in a now unanimous ruling on Dec. 4, the Supreme Court of Canada granted a new trial, concluding that serious errors in law had been made during the Manitoba trial. Immediately after her release on \$15,000 bail Dec. 18, Harper again spoke to *Canadian Geographic*. Her exchange report follows.

**C**hild in the same red peasant she had worn when she entered Portage Correctional Centre for Women two years and three months ago, 42-year-old Katie Harper walked thoughtfully from the Manitoba Law Courts building. Let out a whisp of joy and beamed at the prospect of a Christmas at liberty with two of her three daughters and her four grandchildren. "It's the greatest gift I could have," she said. "The little ones think Grandma's been stuck in hospital for the last two years. It's been a painful separa-

tion." Tucked into one of the cardboard boxes of personal belongings she carried with her was a large key—a gift from the staff at the Portage in Prairie Centre, where she quickly earned a reputation as a model prisoner, becoming pious. "Bless" is many of her youngie jollies.

The trial that landed her behind bars is one of the most bizarre in Canadian legal history. It set a precedent because it came fully 19 years after the death of her first husband, John Down, an electrical tradesman with the Royal Canadian Air Force in Winnipeg. His naked body was found beneath their bedroom window early on the morning of June 2, 1959. An inquest determined that Down likely fell to his death from a dormer window after an overdose of Sodium Amytal, a barbiturate. Though the RCMP was unimpressed, no charges were ever laid, but Katie was considered the prime suspect. Close 18 years later, a second medical opinion given at the Winnipeg trial suggested Down was murdered.

Soon after Down, then 23, had been

les. The fatally induced marriage appears to be peculiar to Quebec, with officials in major cities outside the province reporting no significant year-end congestion in the chapels.

Many of the Quebec marriages are provoked by more ulterior causes: when asked if taxes were the reason for her wedding last week to Gérard Provost, Christine Parn said "no" and putted her swelling belly to explain the determination of their eight-year marriage. One English-speaking couple who did marry largely for tax reasons was reluctant to have their names published. They did not want their friends to know they had ended seven years of unwedded cohabitation during which they had experienced contempt for the formality of legal union. Said the bride, "We don't think it should make any difference—it's just a technicality." Others are more business about their tax-saving mergers, not long after the clandestine union of the two singletons, bride-to-be Carmen Longchamps was carried into the courtroom by four clerical chair-bearers to the music of a mandolin. After hearing notes from Hansel's read the obligatory excerpt from Quebec's Civil Code which obligates her to support her husband and his children everywhere, she exchanged her wreath of orange blossoms for a crown of thorns and left with her new spouse, Philippe Lefevre.

Hansel is single and not altogether approving of her clerical, none of whom has heard her divorced and is looking for another try. "I can tell you I sure wouldn't get married for tax purposes!" —DAVID THOMAS



Katie Harper out for Christmas (right); the Downs in happier days (above); their house (top); he landed on the lawn, she is left

burned in his home town of Grand Falls, Nfld. Katie was seen constantly with Randy Harper, a co-worker at the Deer Lodge veterans' hospital in Winnipeg. Harper was then 40, she 36. They married but the reason remained a mystery to Katie's friends. Harper was frequently drunk and violent and was once arrested for threatening Katie with a gun. In late 1975 her former son-in-law, Douglas Shalmonine, finally wrenched out of her the reason she had refused to leave the ashgrey home she claimed to have been terrified of Harper and in statements produced in evidence at the 1978 trial said that she had lived in fear of him ever since he had arrived drunk

at her home one night and threatened her first husband while he slept. With promises of RCMP protection from re-crimination, she finally told them her story in January, 1978—swearing at first to mention that she had actually helped lift the body out of the window. Though she did later admit that, she said the memory had been too painful and that she had only insisted under duress because Harper had threatened to kill her and her two young daughters. The RCMP consulted old files which pointed only to her as a suspect, the theory being that she had had an affair with Harper in 1959 and needed to get rid of Down. As he had in 1960, Randy

### Whom greed hath joined together

**E**ven in the early years of New France, the bite of the tax collector was a greater incentive to marriage than the sting of Cupid's arrow. Tired for remaining single, young men had the chance of taking to the woods as *coureurs de bois* or making a quick selection from the warmer bosoms of *filles du roi*, the marriageable maidens sent from France.

The fiscal shotgun persists today, and in late December churches and courtyards throughout Quebec are crowded with couples timing their nuptials to save hundreds of dollars on their 1980 tax returns. The law allows one spouse to claim the other as a dependent if the dependent's 1980 earnings—after the spouse—were less than \$400. That means a federal tax exemption of \$2,500, and for Quebecers, who pay provincial income tax separately, a further reduction of \$5,000 in their taxable earnings. Because revenue of the dependent spouse is counted only after the spouse's own income is taxed, *ex-spouse* or *professional* can be claimed as a full dependent by a new spouse if the marriage occurred in the year's last days.

The light at the end of the tunnel first glimmered for Ottawa law students Hilary-Marie Girard and Yves Lampron—more like this \$400. That means a federal tax exemption of \$2,500, and for Quebecers, who pay provincial income tax separately, a further reduction of \$5,000 in their taxable earnings. Because revenue of the dependent spouse is counted only after the spouse's own income is taxed, *ex-spouse* or *professional* can be claimed as a full dependent by a new spouse if the marriage occurred in the year's last days.



Yves Lampron and Hilary-Marie Girard before nuptial Franchise Honeymoon. The marital gold rush comes in December

They already live together, and fiscal advantage is the main motive for their marriage. Said he, "There are the primary reason for getting married now, but the holiday season is also a good time for parties." Adds she, "A winter marriage is cheaper too, because people don't expect a lot of flowers—and you already have new clothes for Christmas." Such pennywise calculations lack romance for the groom's brother, Andre-Marie Lampron, who wistfully recalled the 24-year-old pair's announcement of their forthcoming tax avoidance. "I was at a loss for words when they told me all about the exemp-

tion. I wanted to hear them say it was for something more than that." Provincial attorney Francine Hamelin has been performing civil marriages for six years and describes the year-end marriage glut as a "gold rush." She recalls one woman who applied too late for a year-end marriage and who then delayed the union a full 18 months to reap the tax benefit. There were 284 divorce marriages scheduled at the Montreal courthouse, compared to just 218 in November and about 160 expected in January. December marriages are slightly exceeded by those in July, but the biggest month of all is August, with 414 this year. The August peak, explains Hamelin, coincides with the application period for student grants. By marrying, students can qualify for larger bur-

# On the edge of a scimitar

Saudi Arabia preserves its stability despite the surrounding turmoil



By David Enard

Near the quayside at Jeddah, the fast-growing Red Sea port through which every year more than a million people pass en route to Mecca, a notice in English and Arabic proclaims: MAY ALLAH PROTECT YOUR PILGRIMAGE. The name of the well-wisher agrees with equal gracelessness: it's that well-known Muslim exclamation, *Bismillah*.

The sign reveals something of the split personality of a country that guards both the holy cities of Mecca and the world's most fabulous oil wealth. Out in the Saudi Arabian wilderness, nomads still live the traditional life. But these days a four-wheel-drive is likely to be parked next to their campsite. Encountering a Westerner for the first time recently, one friendly proudly displayed its new Toyota—and at night seductively laid out food for it.

Everybody can afford a taste in a land where, though apple juice may cost \$2 for a one-quarter-liter fix, gas sells at right costs a litre. Blessed with instant riches—current oil revenue is about \$20 billion a day—the Saudis are spending, spending, spending on Western equipment and Western playthings. "We all have video. It's our joy," said an American-educated sheikh, dining in the feudal splendor of King Khalid's palace. In the privacy of his own home he may well watch his pet siam cat, of which there is no shortage despite the scrum of renegades who labor to prevent incursions of subversive material entering the kingdom.



Jobs at windup in Riyadh (top), Crown Prince Fahd (above), Japanese radios on sale in Jeddah, split personality

Iran. Though the extensive royal family—4,000 princes at the last count—and privileged courtiers have amassed fortunes, some of the oil wealth has flowed through to the rest of the population. Everybody has a job if he wants one, education and hospitals are free. You can get building land for nothing and borrow money for a house without paying interest. And, if you have nothing, you can go to your sheik and ask for help.

After installing an international telecommunications system, a network of superhighways and modern port facilities, the government is seeking to diversify the economy in its next five-year development plan. Petrochemical



plants, oil refineries and steel mills are to be constructed at two new industrial cities, Yanbu on the Red Sea and Jubail on the Persian Gulf. But a good part of the expected \$20-billion expenditure will go toward improving social welfare, expanding the services prohibited by the Shi'ite minority which last year decried its government by name. The Royal House of Saud is careful, too, to sit in close consultation with the ulama (religious leaders).

Yet the partnership is blossoming more of the young, especially those educated in the West. They are well aware of the contradictions between the official ban on alcohol—there are 100

Harpur refused to co-operate with police and refused a polygraph. King took a polygraph March 1, 1975, and gave police her final statement, admitting her role in concealing the murder but claiming it was inspired by terror. At her next-day trial, the Crown claimed she had premeditated. Downcast, she first dragging him with Stephen Angiolini, then pushing the body out of the window to take as accident after he had been asphyxiated. Though the Crown named Sandy Harpur in the indictment as a possible abettor, he was never charged and is still living in Westport. The turning point in the trial was the admission, after evidence of a verbal assault, that she had made it to the scene, so which they claimed she had admitted to shipping Stephen Angiolini to Dowle's office. Curiously, no reference was made to that startling admission in the written statement taken after the murder. Later, even more curiously, the RCMP didn't arrest and charge her until 10 years later.

At her March 6 appeal in the 1975, Lawrence Greenham, her trial lawyer, was so effective in arguing he had not made it to properly prepare her case. New medical analyses that also sug-

gested that it is impossible to dispute the taste of Stephen Angiolini's coffee. When one glass makes it impossible, yet the Crown claimed she had shipped it up to five. Her new lawyer, Hank Walsh, also produced a contract for a book on her life which her preliminary trial lawyer, William Barrow, had reneged her to sign in early 1975. In the U.S., similar conflicts of interest have led to new trials being ordered. The Appeal Court refused a new trial, but the Supreme Court ruled this month that the admission of the statement about secretly dropping pills into coffee should never have been allowed. The verdict was unanimous and a new trial is expected this spring.

As she tried to accommodate to liberty last week, King Harpur finally forgave a newspaper picture of Christ with the crown of thorns. "It gave me hope in the darkest moments behind bars," she said. She taught herself self-defense in Portugal and completed about 50 sets of her *chakra* exercises in a national prison art contest. Also at liberty was a tiny Cornish pig, reputed to bring her luck. She had kept it on her kitchen table, saying that her lengthy absence would finally bear fruit. "When the Sa-

## Show them the way to go home

The valentine stich of relief that went up across the country when an Alberta night abortionists withdrew their Christmas strike threat was probably stronger in Calgary than anywhere in the country, because it is did the combined abolition of home-based Martinis. One woman from Cape Breton who wanted to fly home Dec. 19 started trying last June and was lucky to get a cancellation. Many people booked were months in advance to be sure of reservations, and by summer all outbound seats were filled.

Martinites have always gone down the road, but lately it was to the New England states. In the early 1970s it was to Toronto, and more recently the route has been on to Alberta. They mostly tend to stick together wherever they are, and when Keith MacEwan from Manitoba, his wife, Linda, and friend Bob Green got hungry for lobster around this year they just set out the word to friends—and 1,200 Martinites turned up for the lobster dinner in Calgary. Statistics Canada says 4,000 Martinites arrived in Alberta last year. At the same time in 1970 alone, and MacEwan estimates there are 80,000 in the province altogether. So far, 300 have joined the Martinites Province Association inspired by the lobster party and another



John and Eleanor MacEwan have for a family Christmas, next year, charter

2,000 have picked up application forms. Non-parties spread among the customers when the holiday-time strike loomed. Georgetown John MacEwan, who had been holding a lobster house in Rimousi, N.S., since April, even had an offer from his brother, Klaus, a flying instructor in Manitoba, to pick him up in Montreal "if you can get that far." And before the strike was called off, the new Martinites Province Association

was laying plans for charter flights to switch the faithful home on their annual pilgrimages next December. Meanwhile, for those who weren't able to get away this year, the club staged a Calgary Christmas party for children and announced a New Year's Eve dinner and dance for adults. Tickets for this weren't selling as heavily as MacEwan's anticipated last week—perhaps because so many had left town. Besides, says MacEwan, "Martinites are homebodies who want to go to parties in homes instead of hotels." —STEPHEN ZWARG



trust and sentences for those who get drunk and make public nuisances of themselves too often—and the well-stocked liquor stores of many bordering Saudis. Correspondents in one instant, conversation another, "I don't think I could settle back here," confessed Abdul, born from his adolescence studies in Denver, Colo. "But in no time my father follows the old ways. You could call him a traditionalist. I would say he is plain backward."

One of Saudi Arabia's biggest problems is a shortage of labor which is likely only to grow worse with the frequent introduction of military conscription and a heavier emphasis on higher education. About 1.5 million foreigners work in the kingdom, doing jobs for which the eight million Saudis are untrained or which they find too demeaning. Tribal patriarchs employ Filipinos to chauffeur their air-conditioned limousines. Saudi Yemenis labor on the remote Plateau, Egyptians and Koreans work in industrial areas, the Arabians American Oil Company employs nearly 50 per cent expatriates in its \$4,000-million work done. Americans, British and Japanese corporations are heavily represented. The West Germans are gaining ground.

The foreign communities live in ghettoes officially known as compounds and have little social contact with the host population. Says Neil Gierbeck, a 34-year-old newspaper operator from Ottawa: "I have been here two years and have yet to meet a Saudi woman." But at the Balli Casbah compound in the dusty capital, Riyadh, a former collector of real-estate which is now slouching toward a million inhabitants, Toronto nurse Billy Volk, one of 3,500 Canadian residents in Saudi Arabia, has few complaints. "It's fantastic here," she says.

There is no shortage of jobs for foreign women. Saudi women cannot work alongside men, so there are always vacancies for secretaries and air hostesses. Not one of the female staff of

#### Desert oil wells: wild porno movie

Saudi, the national wife, is a Saudi. Scores of women bring other problems. Saudi women are forbidden to drive and, though they like to try Western cosmetics, have to do so at home. Only the most daring would avail to a shop so that a sales assistant could distract them.

However, Islamic such customs may appear to Westerners, neither they nor the major irritations of life seem likely to provide the Saudis with challenges to the system. Their oil wealth continues to grow. "We drill more than 1,500 metres looking for water but sometimes we find oil instead. Such to our luck," says Petroleum Minister Sheikh Ahmed Zak. Yousang King Khalid, 67 and in excellent health, commands wide respect. So does his brother, Crown Prince Faisal, a shrewd chief executive. But Faisal needs all his skills to survive. But few for it is there that Saudi Arabia's greatest peril lies. It is surrounded by larger, more militarily superior.

For that reason, the Saudis are beating up their army and air force—all total armed force strength at present is a mere 60,000 men—and recently they bought a custom-built navy from France for \$3.2 billion and speeded a naval base on the gulf. But their oil-rich—now topping out 10 million barrels a day—was virtually irrelevant, a final coup, the currently anti-Communist Saudis are haunted by the fear that Washington might deliver the arms of its gang-broiled warriors who may be a protective screen of the oilfields. If that happened, Saddam's Ba'ath Oil's local president, Larso Neta. "We wouldn't be a doorway scenario" Dornay, unorthodox, is something Riyadh has to reckon with. As a result, the Saudis are by an accident of prolonged fate Saudi Arabia has had the system of Saudi Arabia. It would like to work out its problems in its own time. But its wealth is in the end be its own. □

## China

### A missing link with the past

The face, frozen in an unconvincing smile, was once ubiquitous in Peking. It was to be seen regularly at official functions in the government high rise offices which surrounded with the imperial splendor of gold-roofed palaces. It peered with revolutionary zeal from wall posters alongside the face of late chairman Mao Tse-tung. But recently, the smile of Chairman Hua Guofeng, 69-year-old peasant and head-picked successor of the great helmsman, has been conspicuous only because of its absence. Last week speculation intensified that Hua, squandered all of the revolutionary fervor he was about to make an equally conspicuous exit as party chairman.



Men in happier times: propaganda oil

As with most claims to Hua's fate, the latest came in veiled form. The official newspaper, the People's Daily, took the unprecedented step of criticizing Mao for the outcome of the Cultural Revolution of 1966 to 1976, charging that he personally launched and directed the upheaval and, in doing, "brought great misfortune to the party and people." That was not news to the millions of Chinese familiar with the "little red book" issued by Mao during the period. However, so vividly were quick to point out, the editorial was by implication equally critical of Hua, Mao's heir, the last of the helmsman's radical hesitations to cling to power and, so, such, the final prelude to his exit with the past.

Earlier news that Hua was in the sickle had not been looking. The newly chairman did not participate in a recent five-day ministerial conference, and when a visiting delegation of Greek Communists asked to meet him last month officials explained that the party chair was too busy. Most tellingly, the Chinese foreign ministry did nothing to

scrutinize the growing rumors. Speed often about a superior, meanwhile, increasingly focused on Hu Yaobang, the man who has taken Hua's place at official functions and is currently general secretary of the party. The son of a poor peasant family, he has little or no formal education, but, like his mentor, Vice-Premier Deng Xiaoping, the de facto ruling force in Peking, Hu exudes a pragmatic future for China.

Discussion of the chairman's fate has overshadowed the trial of the Gang of Four, led by Mao's widow, Jiang Qing, and six other former officials, which had week intense its closing stages with the prosecution demanding the death sentence for Jiang Qing. But that, too, is believed to have a bearing on Hua's fate in that it provides a precedent for dealing with Maoists. Will Hua follow Jiang Qing into the dock? Current speculation says no. At an angry politburo meeting, he is reported to have agreed to hand over his chairmanship to another



He, the new apparent, goes up to the

change for being up to the social. In one, his supporters will mark a major landmark: the first time in China's more than 4,000 years of recorded history that a complete power shift has been accomplished with a release on mass communications rather than mass violence. As Deng is intensely aware, Hua's exit, expected at this month's meeting of the Central Committee, would mark the culmination of China's latest revolution.

—JAMES FLEMING

## Israel

### Exodus of the disenfranchised

Since Israel was founded 32 years ago, 250,000 people have left the country. Similar figures might be added for other Mediterranean states that fall in the twilight zone between the developed and underdeveloped na-



Begin (above), and Barak (right), a chief of the Zionist ethos

tions. But in Israel the exodus has become a moral disaster, a denial of the Zionist ethos: the uprooting of Jewish culture. A study by the Jewish Agency, which is responsible for bringing in Jews, revealed last week that 60 per cent of the recently departed were in the 20-to-40 age group, and many were highly educated and technically productive. In industry and the professions, expatriate now more than equals out immigration. 25,000 more Israelis left the country than came in the first 16 months of 1980.

The immediate appeal to the news was the establishment of an official committee of investigation. At a press conference to launch it, Professor Ephraim Urbach, president of the Academy of Science and the Humanities, blamed "economic violence" for the exodus, while the Moroccan-born minister for immigrant absorption, David Levy, attacked the materialism of Israeli society.

In fact, however, the bulk leaves have come from the middle class and professions that it cannot satisfy. For all its advanced technology, Israel remains a semi-Levantine society, dominated by small traders. It is also a nation threatened at sea with its neighbors. Israel has been spending a third of its \$30-billion budget on defence, and to do so Prime Minister Menachem Begin's right-wing Likud government has almost eliminated social services and other basic community and drastically slowed housing, welfare and educational programs. Unemployment, at about five per cent, is still relatively low. But real wages are falling and trained personnel have harder time finding work that suits their qualifications. Rental prices rose by 9.4 per cent in November alone, bringing the inflation rate for the previous 12 months to 18.8 per cent. Government economists predicted that if drastic measures were not taken to cut public spending, it could soon spiral to a world record 300 per cent.

In the shadow of such warnings, the

senior finance minister, Tziporah Harari, tried last week to prevent the budget from tapping \$4.5 billion. Against stiff resistance from the general staff, he managed to keep the defence allocation at \$2.4 billion, effectively freezing it at last year's level (the armed forces had asked for \$3.2 billion). But having won his campaign in the cabinet, no easy task in an election year when elections anywhere would be tempted to go for expansion, he still has to keep defence, maintain living standards—and convince Israelis that there is a future in staying. —ERIC RAVEN

"Official Israeli government figures based on people who have remained away for four years. The real figure is much higher, partly because the rate of emigration has increased in the past few years. Some estimates put the number of Israelis and dependents living in the U.S. alone at 200,000 and the total leaving abroad at 300,000, or 30 per cent of the Israeli population."

## Ireland

### The Emerald Isle

Oh Paddy dear and did you hear the news that's going round, the shankers is by far forced to prove on Irish soil.

It's not quite as bad as the old song says, but Sir Patrick Hilliard would hardly be pleased. A West German man has been asked to make that Irish goods cannot display the shankers in Germany because it is a registered German trade mark, and while the battle is on for the naming of the gown, its outcome is as yet unknown.

The roots of the case go back to the launch by the Irish Export Board earlier this month of a new range of bad-staff in Germany with a shankers label. A German company with the distinctly un-Irish name of Magpie Milk Industries claimed it had registered a



Condems: much contribution to Cork

trifles as its trade mark and that nobody else could use it. Consideration in Cork, says an Arklower the Irish didn't like the shamrock being called a trefoil and they certainly didn't like it being reserved by Murphy which "You can't register a national symbol", growled export board chief executive Sean Gordon. "How would Canadians like it if they couldn't display the maple leaf?"

The board has decided to defend the case, which will be heard early in the new year. "We will go all the way to the European Court of Justice if necessary," says Gordon. In the meantime, he has placed advertisements in Irish papers seeking examples of the shamrock as a national symbol, especially in the early years of the Irish Republic.

There should be plenty of playbacks, Lynch says, and the long three-leafed plant St. Patrick is said to have used to explain the Trinity to the pagan Irish — though not all are accurate. It is not true, for instance, that it grows only in Irish soil, and botanists disagree as to which of the several trifoliums is the true shamrock. Irishmen, however, know a shamrock when they see it, especially on March 17. Moreover, in a country where symbols are so divisive, the shamrock appeals to all. The northern and southern Irish socialist boards use it as their logo. Queen Elizabeth's Irish Guards wear it and so do the republic's UN troops in the Middle East. It sells everything from Air Lingus tickets to whiskey. The Germans may be taking on more than they know. "If they win," said one exporter drily, "they'd better not ask a cop the time in New York."

—BRYAN KIRKIN

U.S.A.

# Christmas in captivity

Hostages show brave faces to Iranian TV

By Michael Posner

**T**he 14-month detention of 52 Americans in Tehran has already produced a saga of near-apocryphal proportions, but few weeks have been more wrenching than the last. And few may have been more dramatic. The final days of 1980 began with the apparent collapse of negotiations to secure the

hostages' release, and ended with an emotional depth change: the rights and wrongs of the hostages celebrating their second Christmas in captivity, and sending holiday messages to wives, children and family back home. Not all the anguish appeared before the cameras, but Algerian diplomats reported observing all 52 and vouchsafed their good health and spirits indeed. Given the circumstances, their general mood seemed remarkably positive, even if some looked paler and thinner than a year ago. Said hostage Robert Simpson, 30: "Four letters call on us to hang in there and I suppose we can a while longer, although not too much longer I hope."

Regrettably there was nothing on the diplomatic front to encourage that hope. At the American embassy in Tehran, placards describing Jimmy Carter as evil incarnate were finally taken down. But they were soon replaced by posters with a fresh target: President-elect Ronald Reagan. "Imperialist, Zionist, capitalist lackey" were among the more modest epithets. That abrupt switch in Tehran's propaganda leaves seemed a fitting footnote to the collapse

Nabavi (left) and hostages of Christmas Eve shown on television 1980 ends with an emotional depth change



of negotiations for the hostages' release, conducted through Algerian intermediaries, after delivery of Tehran's "best and final offer" in return for the hostages' release, the U.S. would have to deposit each guarantee worth \$24 billion with the Central Bank of Algeria. Some \$10 billion would represent assets owned by the late shah, if the U.S. could not transfer the real assets, the \$10-billion fund would be forfeit. In addition, Iran was seeking \$10 billion in cash, gold and guarantees against the possible loss of Iranian assets through legal claims, now held up in U.S. courts.

Americans reacted with predictable outrage to the Iranian conditions. The Secretary of State Edmund Muskie called them "unreasonable" and allowed that the prospect of the hostages' release before Jan. 20 — when Reagan assumes office — seemed remote. Reagan himself broke his diplomatic silence with an angry Christmas Eve denunciation of the Iranians. The Iranians, for their part, reasserted an old spy-trial threat and insisted they would keep the hostages comfortably for 20 years. "Don't worry," said Fereidoun Nabavi, minister of state for sensitive affairs. "Their food, their clothing, their housing — everything is prepared."

From the American viewpoint, the Islamic fundamentalists had badly overestimated U.S. willingness to make concessions. Until the terms were announced, officials here were grandly optimistic that a breakthrough might be near; there had even been reports that American negotiators would meet soon in London with Iranian and Algerian representatives to iron out details of the transfer, including about \$4 billion in Iranian assets not subject to legal claim.

Nabavi was tempering somewhat Iranian intransigence at week's end. But it seemed almost certain that any solution to the impasse would have to come from the Reagan administration. To date, the Reaganists have refused to indicate what actions they might consider. But the range of possibilities seems uncomfortably narrow. Any severely punitive U.S. measure would plunge the lives of the hostages in jeopardy and further destabilize the Persian Gulf region, and with it the flow of oil. So far the manner, the Reagan team was delighted not to have been party to the future Secretary of State-designate Alexander Haig and a Washington news conference in a delicate support for the Carter administration's handling of the case, adding, "We believe as all to rely behind them." But as the old year yielded to the new, such gestures seemed unlikely to break the stalemate. □

With film from Gus Macker in Tehran

"I carry the sun in a golden cup."

W.S. MEREDITH

Ireland's famous poet captures in words the essence of Irish Mist. Enjoy it soon.



For more holiday gifts, visit us at 175, 177, 179, 181, 183, 185, 187, 189, 191, 193, 195, 197, 199, 201, 203, 205, 207, 209, 211, 213, 215, 217, 219, 221, 223, 225, 227, 229, 231, 233, 235, 237, 239, 241, 243, 245, 247, 249, 251, 253, 255, 257, 259, 261, 263, 265, 267, 269, 271, 273, 275, 277, 279, 281, 283, 285, 287, 289, 291, 293, 295, 297, 299, 301, 303, 305, 307, 309, 311, 313, 315, 317, 319, 321, 323, 325, 327, 329, 331, 333, 335, 337, 339, 341, 343, 345, 347, 349, 351, 353, 355, 357, 359, 361, 363, 365, 367, 369, 371, 373, 375, 377, 379, 381, 383, 385, 387, 389, 391, 393, 395, 397, 399, 401, 403, 405, 407, 409, 411, 413, 415, 417, 419, 421, 423, 425, 427, 429, 431, 433, 435, 437, 439, 441, 443, 445, 447, 449, 451, 453, 455, 457, 459, 461, 463, 465, 467, 469, 471, 473, 475, 477, 479, 481, 483, 485, 487, 489, 491, 493, 495, 497, 499, 501, 503, 505, 507, 509, 511, 513, 515, 517, 519, 521, 523, 525, 527, 529, 531, 533, 535, 537, 539, 541, 543, 545, 547, 549, 551, 553, 555, 557, 559, 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for back therapy. "It was a frightening experience," he says, but his family found a miraculous solution in the Alexander Technique of physical awareness. "And it's good to be back in the driver's seat as far as my body is concerned."

The West Coast has mellowed Dave (Tyne) Williams so much that he's being called a *Jackie Socrates*. Since the theoretical, hippie, punky leader was snuffed from the Toronto Maple Leafs in the Vancouver Canucks last year, the only statistic left he's holding is the team's multi-goal record. Shocked fans heard him turn to a referee recently and say, "There's no point arguing. I used to do that when I was young and stupid!" But all that seemed behind him last week when the 35-year-

Black took off by Barry (left) and O'Toole, choosing a new career



Bedford with Gateway, back to bed

For actor Brian Bedford, proving he's good in bed means taking to the one at centre stage in the hit play *White Life Is A Mystery*. Co-starring with *Fal Gateway* in the story of a sculptor dealing with psychosis, Bedford gives a 24-hour performance without flinching a muscle below his neck. "I like plays that tap my own life resources," he explains, revealing how six years ago at the Stratford Festival he slipped a disc, then developing back problems that threatened his career. For 14 months the pain was so intense he seemed standing throughout his performance and then was transported daily, lying on a matress, to Toronto



Williams is a tiger with a difference

old left winger decided to take on Vancouver's Canadian fans. "Who's paying for those tickets?" It's got to be *Le-Vegas*—paying for people to hear the "Bugs," he said a reporter. Fortunately for the new Socrates, the point will not be debated in Montreal until March.

The Queen Mother's audience robes are up for grabs in the first challenge of the 14th annual history. *Queen Anne* was expected to be a show-in for the post when her grandmother stepped down after 26 years, but rival alumni groups pushed forward two other nominees—former trade union leader Jack Jones and Nelson Mandela. The black socialist serving time for his anti-apartheid views in a South African jail. The challenge comes as somewhat of a royal embarrassment, but Anne is expected to stand for the election, considering Jones, while one of the most powerful men in the country, has only an elementary school education. But Mandela would have trouble standing presentation days in Albert Hall.

—EDITED BY TOM MACGREGOR

# The bleak year

Maclean's Panel of Economists sees a grim 1981



Panel meets Maclean's editorial staff—Wesley, left, looks on at meeting

For a nation that during most of the post-war years took prosperity for granted, Canada at the moment seems to be in a curiously perilous economic state. In just recessions—and there's no question that we're deep into one now—the politicians have always been able to justify their actions by pointing about the "break-off" between inflation and unemployment, warning how much growth produces still kind of price increases, and vice versa. The trouble now

Canadian economy stands out how it's likely to perform in the next 12 months, Maclean's recently gathered a distinguished panel of economists and asked them to forecast 1981 trends. Here is a summary of their predictions.

By Anthony Whittingham

It was to be a mid-recession—that was all. Three, or at the most, four weak quarters, spilling just over the horizon. But the recession could be on its way. Six months ago, in the trough of the 1979 recession with nowhere to go but up, the Maclean's Panel of Economists (see box) was predicting weakness, because of growth and expan-

sion—mild, but almost palpable. In the short interval since, however, even the most cautious optimism has sagged. Drought and crop damage, further cuts in price increases, the sharp turnaround in U.S. interest rate patterns, the October federal budget and, in particular, the National Energy Program (NEP) were key—and unexpected—developments that made all the difference. In the end, the performance of the Canadian economy in 1980 was far worse than expected.

Now, instead of recovery, 1981 appears bleak. Even though the year overall is expected to see more small growth in Canada's gross national product (GNP), this will be small comfort to the average Canadian consumer.

The recession of 1980, so long in coming, is taking even longer to end. The economists, who had so much difficulty in predicting when it would arrive, are finding it even harder to forecast its departure. "What we have developed here, led by the U.S.," says John Graham, "is a 'W-shaped' recession. We seemed to be pulling out of the trough by mid-year 1980, and now we're about to slide back into another."

How long the new dip will last, he says, will tell. International forecasting bodies such as the Organisation for Economic Co-operation and Development (OECD), with 24 member countries, are still waiting for a better outlook for the Canadian economy by 1981—an outlook with which the Maclean's panel generally agrees. But much depends on the resolution of nagging energy uncertainties. "The most discouraging fac-

The Maclean's Panel of Economists convened in December in Toronto to discuss prospects for the Canadian economy in 1981. The eight members who meet twice a year represent a wide range of regional and ideological perspectives. The members: Gerald Legvinske, director, Canadian Energy Research Institute, Calgary; Prof. Clarence Barber, professor of economics, University of Manitoba, Winnipeg; Prof. Howard Kain, professor, Ecole National d'Administration Publique, Montreal; Michel-Jean Drouin, executive director, Canadian Airlines, Hudson Institute, Montreal; Prof. John Graham, professor of economics, Dalhousie University, Halifax; John Grant, chief economist, Wood Gundy Limited, Toronto; Douglas D. Peters, vice-president and chief economist, Toronto Dominion Bank, Toronto; Prof. Abraham Robinson, professor of political economy, University of Toronto.



John Graham John Grant Douglas Peters Abraham Robinson

ture of 1981," economist Douglas Peters, "in contrast, and higher, inflation. Even after five years of trying to bring it under control by strong monetary measures, nothing seems to have worked." The same frustration is echoed by John Grant, although he and other monetarists continue to support the approach of the Bank of Canada that restrained money supply holds the key to strangling inflation.

Other economists take the broader, though not necessarily helpful, view that much of Canada's inflation lies outside the scope of the central bank. Says Gerald Angerstein: "Higher energy prices, Canada's lower exchange rates and higher prices in the U.S. passed through in imports—these factors will have a large impact on Canada's inflation rate in 1981." "We have to remember that it's not just Canada," adds Clarence Barber. "What we're seeing is a worldwide attempt to cope with the doubling of oil prices between 1973 and 1980. Nevertheless, in one method of coping, like World War I trench warfare, it's having a far less conclusive impact than was hoped."

"The most damaging consequence of current Canadian—and worldwide—economic volatility," says Barber, is the element of paralyzing uncertainty that this creates. "People—individuals and businesses—don't know whether to invest or expand, because they don't know what the future will bring." It's a vicious chain reaction. On the individual level, depressed consumer spending, which accounts for about 60 per cent of

**Perspectives for 1981: Average trends predicted by Maclean's Panel of Economists**

#### GDP 0-1%

Real increase in gross national product over 1980



#### Inflation 11.6%

Increase in consumer price index over 1980



#### Unemployment 9%

Percentage of labor force out of work



#### Interest rates 54%

Year's average of chartered banks' prime lending rates



#### Canadian dollar 64c

Measured against U.S. \$



#### Housing starts 175,000

Houseing units (including open houses) in 1981



## Not in the public interest

High interest rates are supposed to work on a sick economy like a bad-tasting medicine, ensuring future health in return for present distress. Despite two rounds of record interest rate increases in 1980, the medicine is responding slowly, if at all, to the cure. Inflation in Canada rose to 11.2 per cent in November, compared with 9.3 per cent in January a year ago.

Undebated by this apparent lack of progress, central banks in Canada and the United States are tinkering with the expected percentage of "core" interest rates to keep the growth in the money supply within a low target range as the chief means of "cooling" inflation. With projections of 10-per-cent inflation in 1981, it's clear that low interest rates may still be a long way down the road, though last week's drop in the Bank of Canada rate to 17.25 per cent from 17.50 per cent the week before demonstrates the worst may be over.

Last fall's renewed onslaught of higher interest rates has thrown the U.S. economy into a second recession by choking business and consumer spending. It is exactly this same drastic medicine that's been needed again soon. John Grant predicts U.S. rates will be 10 per cent in the first quarter of 1981, falling to 13 per cent by the fourth quarter.

Although the Bank of Canada and the U.S. Federal Reserve Board share the monetarist philosophy, Canada's inflation has not responded to the money supply growth target without raising rates to the record 17.50 per cent in December. What demoralized that politically unpopular move was the growing gap between Canadian and U.S. prime rates, which peaked at 21.5 per cent in December. Such a gap puts downward pressure on the Canadian dollar because short-term investment dollars flow south of the border where returns are higher. Canada followed the U.S. trend under protest in order to defend the Canadian dollar, which slipped to a 47-year low of 62.48 cents (U.S.) in December. Bank of Canada Governor Gerald Bower's contention that a weak dollar fuels inflation by increasing the cost

of imported goods is disputed by Clarence Barber. "Too much emphasis is placed on holding up the exchange rate. I would not be surprised to see the Bank of Canada letting the dollar fall to 80 cents." But other Maclean's panel members are no evolutionists of a shift in the bank's thinking. Says Marie-Josée Droves, "The concern with the value of the Canadian dollar will persist, and so U.S. rates will continue to dictate Canadian policy."

Continued concern for the dollar in 1981 is likely to push Canadian interest rates back to levels slightly above those in the U.S. This, points out Douglas Peters, is the traditional relationship. Only twice in 1980, when U.S. rates went above 20 per cent in April and December, did Canadian rates fall behind. Rates, though still volatile by historic standards, will become more stable in 1981, helping to keep the Canadian dollar within an 84-to-85-cent range, compared with 1980's wider fluctuations. Peters says. Sustained strengthening of the dollar and a vigorous Canadian economy, however, must await a recovery in the U.S., not expected until 1982. —GILLIAN MACLEAT

the Canadian dollar, lowers the heartbeat of the economy. In times of less volatile interest rates, consumer spending has been bolstered by vigorous borrowing. This trend is not only unhealthy in the long term, says Bernard Barot, but clearly impossible to sustain in the face of higher rates expected to prevail overall throughout 1981. The result will be an increase in consumer spending of less than one per cent in 1981—"virtually stagnant," according to Marie-Josée Droves. Nor will consumers receive any additional boost through higher wages, as over-all gains of 10 to 11 per cent will be all but wiped out by inflation for the second year in a row.

Business spending is adversely affected by the same double whammy over interest rates and the prospects for economic recovery. Business capital investment in 1981 is expected to keep only two or three percentage points ahead of inflation—a decline over 1980, while the decline in profits will be even greater. While companies and businesses stop spending money on expansion, upgrading and new technology, climate-change efforts are in jeopardy. Takeovers and corporate consolidation replace new ventures. The wealth-producing base of the economy begins to atrophy. Jobs begin to disappear. This pressure leads in turn to "poor prospects for economic peace," says Angerstein, along with upward pressure on wages—adding yet another strain to the system.

One area of uncertainty that Canada can—and must—clear up in order to get an end to what Robert Laing calls "Canada's endless wandering and heretical search for the world stage" is the conventional English prototype, meaningful progress in energy development. As a further deterrent to business capital investment, the vote is harmful to the Canadian economy, at least in the short term, the panel believes. "If it brings long-range benefits to Canada through greater Canadian resource ownership," The Canadianism on hand—the proposal passed last year to transfer a 10 per cent share of the oil and gas rights to Canada—could even add half a percentage point to Canada's inflation rate during 1981, Peters says.

In the meantime, there may be a variety of measures the federal and provincial governments—even the lending institutions—could adopt to help consumers and the economy at large through difficult times, although fewer, as Barber points out, are greatly helped by the massive outpouring of inflation during a recession. The chief hope for Canada's larger-term future may lie in learning the lessons of hardship. For if the difficult months ahead lead to greed, panic or infatuation, the years beyond may be harder still. ☐



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## Won't you answer a little boy's plea?



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# 1980

## THE TURBULENT YEAR THAT WAS

By Roy MacGregor

Consensus should concentrate in the 1980s on solving problems in the fields of energy, federal-provincial jurisdiction, the economy and human relations. —Joe Clark's New Year's Day message, Jan. 1, 1980

**A** long time ago in a galaxy far, far away. Try to imagine how it was. Back then Joe Clark was prime minister with Finance minister John Crosbie, had just been selected Man of the Year by *The Globe and Mail's* Report on Business. Premiers were affirming the U.S.S.R. was sending "a limited military contingent" to Afghanistan, but argued it was merely to help repel—(with)—outside aggression. The United Nations Security Council, not wanting to appear overly busy, set Jan. 7 as the final deadline for Iran to release the American hostages. Further north, the snow was abnormally thin, with farther than to come. There was a hot rumor that Willie Wood might get the head coaching job with the Toronto Argonauts—1980 might finally be the year.

Somewhere along the way, the New Year's child of 1980 got sidetracked. When he finally got the hint and left this week, there was no beard, no scepter, no bowed back. Instead, 1980 danced not laughing rudely, the shrubs of the old man's slippers replaced by the slapping slap of shoes, a jungle from the scene. This was a character who eluded to be bad never watched a single episode of *Dallas*, who checked every morning for herpes blisters, who knew



Terry Fox, selected Canadian of the Year

exactly how to drop the phrase "free-hating" at a party, who could now talk openly about Immigration. Success was no longer living in California; it was not living in Italy.

In Canada, the Right Honorable Joseph Clark's New Year's message soon seemed more like one of his campaign promises. Each day, Canadians could read the opposite in their midst, for, contented daily newspaper *Barry's*. Well, all Ottawas (minus one Joe Clark) had to do in the fall was to unilaterally raise the price of oil and announce plans to take over one of the big foreign-owned oil companies and that was that. With

Canadian oil well less than half the world price of \$40 a barrel, the companies were predicting bankruptcy and layoffs, but for some reason they failed to mention profits for the first half of this same year which were up a stunning 94 per cent. Federal-provincial jurisdiction? Almost the same story. Alberta Premier Peter Lougheed announced a 15-per-cent cutback in oil shipments to the East in retaliation for the Ottawa move. British Columbia decided to hold back federal taxes due on natural gas sales. Newfoundland offered a variety of well-pondered to suit all occasions. The September constitutional conference failed totally and separation—supposedly laid to rest in May's 56.4-per-cent "no" vote—simply packed up and moved west. The economy? Inflation hit 13.5 per cent, the prime lending rate soared to 10.25 per cent. That leaves only human relations. And here Canada could not even get its constitution home from Britain be-



After earthquake aftermath (top inset), guarding the wealth in the Persian Gulf (above) a year that in many ways was curiously inanimate

cause, of all things, the premiers could not agree on a basic bill of rights. The sole consistency is in Joe Clark himself as he continues in his quest to be "youngest ever" at everything—leader, prime minister, ex-prime minister... perhaps even ex-leader in 1981. But though he and John Crosbie began the year as the loudest Tories, they did not end as such. That honor goes to an insignificant member of Parliament from York North named John Gumbel—he who proudly shouted "No!" when it was moved in the House of Commons that Canada send condolences to Yoko Ono, the widow of former Beatle John Lennon. It's a story someone else will one day have to tell Gumbel's grandchildren all about.



Muhammad XI, Pakistan, angrier (above left); Tito (top), the slain and Emperor Farah (above left); Iran rescues Ken Taylor with wife, Patricia (above right); the doomed United States mission to free the hostages (below left); Khomenei forgetting to mention the profits

Well, welcome to the '80s. —Pierre Trudeau, election night, 1980

With here-again movements sweeping North American politics, it was only proper that Lazarus and the Liberals would return to their God-given place at the head of Canada. With them returned Marc Lalonde's benevolent arrogance, Jean Chrétien's obvious discomfort, Allan Rock's masterful illusion of himself. Yet it wasn't just for these reasons that the year had a sense of déjà vu. The Kops almost won again. The Selling States had more Mrs. Jerry Rubin and Abbie Hoffman barged up







Reagan with wife, Nancy, on Nov. 4: success no longer living in California

out of the '80s, no longer rebellious, no longer interesting. The 40 American hostages in Tehran were still "missing, home soon." The Middle East was still a "powder keg," thanks this time to a coarsely mendacious war between Iran and Iraq. In India, where reincarnation is believed but seldom seen, Indira Gandhi managed it, without first dying, when she came out of shameful slavery to enter again rule. But it was a short victory celebration when, only six months later, her controversial heirs and son, Ranjit, lost control of his Pata S-Bh Empire, crashed and died instantly. There were, once again, Boat People, this time from Cuba. And there were even black riots in Miami. Of course, Billy Carter was still in the news, this time claiming there was nothing more unusual about accepting a \$200,000 loan

from the Libyan government (that there was in his strutting at an airport runway while he waited for a delegation of his newfound pals). Certainly, it wasn't all the same. There was Wayne Gretzky, bringing new brilliance and hope to a stale National Hockey League, and Ken Bledsoe challenging and almost succeeding in his attempt to become the first North American male to win the World Cup in

(Open story of Wimbledon (right) Jimmy Carter campaigning (below), AAAs Bryant: 'you can run but you cannot hide'

dowhill skiing. There was the Egon Bieri-John McEnroe tennis singles final at Wimbledon, an event finally won by the Swede but at a high cost to his country, as officials estimated 50 television viewers died from heart attacks during the match. So there was indeed grace, and also beauty, in 1980, highlighted by the Pablo Picasso exhibit at New York City's Museum of Modern Art.

There was also, in this generally sad year, inspiration. There was former ambassador Ken Taylor's "Canadian Capers," which saw six Americans escape from Iran with the help of the Canadian embassy. There was the United States hockey team upsetting everyone to take the gold medal at the Winter Olympics. Great writing came from Montreal's Marcelle Stohr. But two inspirational figures stood out above all others this year. One is a Pole, Lech Walesa, who led 150,000 Polish workers in a strike against low pay and poor working conditions, a strike that succeeded in changing not just the workers' lives but—as the world watched nervously—the future of Poland in the Communist world. The other was a Canadian, Terry Fox, the stubborn, wailing 23-year-old runner who took his Marathon of Hope more than halfway across Canada before the cancer he was trying to leave

behind caught up to him. The run stopped but the reason ran on, and by year's end his foolish dream had come true as \$20.6 million had been raised for cancer research. It was hardly news when the Canadian Press named him, as top newsmaker, the Canadian of the Year, giving that honor to a non-politician for the first time in 15 years.

In other ways, the year was curiously accurate. The biggest measure of 1980 did not belong to Dolly Parton but to Mount St. Helens, which erupted at 8:01 a.m. on May 18 with 500 times the force of the atomic bomb dropped on Hiroshima. The Washington state mountain was suddenly 300 metres shorter, at least 51 people were dead and the volcano ash was expected to affect the weather of Canada for months to come. It was a year when the most terrifying image was not the face of Ayatollah Khomeini, but the smoky of Italy's boot, where a particularly vicious earthquake killed at least 3,000 of the most destitute people of Europe. Mast headlining was no longer the whereabouts of Tory Energy Minister James Haughey, but the missing of the rings of Saturn. It was a year when conservatism's comeback worked while Mohammed Ali's, at age 38, could not. It was a year, apparently, when the symbols of knowledge changed. Walter Cronkite announced his retirement. The new possessor of truth was a race-high greenish-blue, smiling parrot named Yoda, who was worth \$174 million to the backers of *The Empire Strikes Back* at the 1980 box office.

Clark looking on election night (below), winner Trudeau (below right), enough to make an Altonian a good Canadian



Peter is just the beginning — Robert K. Graham, February, 1980

No year can escape absurdity. Robert K. Graham is a wealthy Californian whose hobby is collecting sperm. Not ordinary sperm, but sperm from Nobel Prize-winning scientists. Graham has written several former winners and, with live having agreed so far, his grandiose dreams of producing a line of pure brilliance by mating his collection with the eggs of bright and healthy young women. Pumping, for Robert K. Graham, has been reduced to taking stings.

So never let it be said that 1980 lacked

Prostate Laid star-burbling (below), the Police's Sting making new year's right: his realness were sufficing



a sense of the ridiculous. The Winnipeg Jets began losing lucky games on Oct. 19 and, with the 51st-most humiliating record firmly in hand, won for the second time last week Joel Mitchell, a slight, blonde, almost transparent woman singer from Saskatoon, was, in a ironic called case, set to play a black male pimp. And Suzanne Perry, former prime minister's press aide, somehow managed to go from the light-colored background of a wreath press photo to



Joel Mitchell (above left), Peter Sellers as Christie (below right), Richard Chamberlain in 'Shogun' too many departures



Indira Gandhi after election victory: reincarnation is believed but seldom seen



Charles Ryan's (left) [read] supporters for the '90s' separation simply moved west

television on the cover of *Rushier*, "the magazine for the rest of Canada." Somewhere in between, she was supposed to have become a highly paid news anchorperson for Global Television's news program but, with 1980 ending, that rumor could not be confirmed.

And the "rum burn" was back. When comedian Richard Pryor very nearly died after something exploded in his face, the first story was that he had been "free-basing" cocaine by mixing it under heat with other. Fortunately, his manager soon straightened out that manure-pile by reporting that Pryor had foolishly touched his lit cigarette to a glass of rum he was drinking if you could believe that you could certainly believe that he could certainly believe that his Rhode Island policemen were required to patrol the Cumberland High School senior prom just because senior student Aaron Pritch's date was named Paul Goffbert and they insisted on dancing all the slow ones together. It would have made gay-buster Anita Bryant squirm, except that she was too busy to notice. The symbol of heterosexual law, marriage and family was tied up in divorce proceedings as her 28-year marriage to her manager hit the dust.

It was a year when the book-people giggled on *One New Angel* and a thousand new angles. Seventy-five million peo-



Louchee fighting for 'oil' (above, left), Peter Lougheed fighting for resource rights: a fundamentalist HR to the political firmament

ple—including 5.8 million in Canada—spent an entire television week watching Richard Chamberlain taking meaningful morning glances at Yoko Ono. More than anything else, Skis proved that a totally foreign language—like anything else not understood by the masses—can be fogged as art if you spend \$22 million on it. It's almost enough to make you cower who shot J.R. Television's most majestic description, however, was left to Vanessa Redgrave, the anti-feminist, pro-FLO activist who played Fanny Fenderson, a Jewish survivor of Auschwitz, in *Playing for Time*. This event's saving grace was that it finally offered an explanation for the existence of Sammy Davis Jr., when he got to say, "It would

be like my playing the head of the Ku Klux Klan."

But television still meant money and huge profits. Hollywood, having moved brazenly into the age of multi-million-dollar budgets, was eager to begin belching jets. *Braveheart's* Gale Michael O'Keefe's \$38-million epic starring Kris Kristofferson, was all but laughed off the screen at elaborate premiere screenings in New York and Toronto. There was also a great deal of laughter concerning the Canadian movie industry, but it was hardly joyful. Sadly, after the harsh lesson of even-hype at the Cannes Film Festival, perhaps the best thing about 1980 was that 18 fewer films were shot in Canada this year. For this is the country where the producers



Mary Tyler Moore and Dustin Hoffman pick up Oscars for *Kramer vs. Kramer* (top); Vanessa Redgrave as Fanny Fenderson (above): the year did not lack a sense of the ridiculous

think they are the stars, where the hero is whatever washed-up American finds an Air Canada ticket in his hand, where the horse is the Canadian taxpayer and where the ride into the sunset can't come soon enough. The point was best made by actor Christopher Plummer when he picked up a *Cine* for best actor in *Murder by Desire* in March and said, "It doesn't matter if a film is Canadian or Sanathosian." All that has ever mattered is quality.

The movie industry could perhaps take some solace in knowing one of its own had finally landed the ultimate starring role: Donald Sutherland's crushing Nov. 4 victory over incumbent President Jimmy Carter also helped the industry in residual sales, as less-than-eloquent pictures such as *Belttine for Borne*, in which Reagan performs almost as well as the lead champagne, are suddenly booked solid for worth.

And Stratford has shed its most successful dramatic production in its 160-year 28-year history in 1980. Unfortu-



Only Dolly Streeter from 'Playboy' to Aena

tately, it was all offstage. But the cast was brilliant—Robin Phillips and John Dexter from Britain, the magnificent John Lloyd Alexander from Ottawa, Canadian director John Hirsch smiling patiently in the wings—and the plot featured resignations, hirings, firings, work-permit refusals and, undoubtedly, untold backstabbing. If they could now set it to music, Strachan's troubled economic future would mean out of jeopardy and forever into the black.

With so much going wrong in the usual directions, the temptation was to move into even lighter entertainment, such as sports. But there was baseball pitcher Ferguson Jenkins, welcomed into the Order of Canada in 1979 and welcomed to Toronto's Exhibition Stadium with a procession of cocaine change in August. And while Prime Minister Trudeau took up his North-South cause in the fall, he failed to explain even once how the 306 players of the Canadian Football League could manage to lose a rumored \$3 million in the same year that a single northern baseball player, Dave Winfield, could sign a 10-year \$12-million contract with the New York Yankees. But then, sports forever lost its former purity in 1980 when Steve Nouri managed to win the Boston Marathon without a single sweat stain. Fortunately for Canada, Nouri got caught, and victory was later handed on to Montreal's Jacqueline Gareau.

You can run, but you cannot hide. There was little escape in 1980. Cottage country had acid rain. Trapped suburbs had PCs. The South was much too hot—some 1,200 people died during the summer's heat wave. The Caribbean had to deal with Hurricane Allen, the second most powerful Atlantic storm in recorded history. The quiet hills of Arkansas had. Texas II intercontinental

Murderer (left), Mary Tyler Moore 'she loves me, she loves me not'



In 1986, maclean's acquires its first office in Toronto. The company had 10 offices in the United States and 10 in Canada. The company had 10 offices in the United States and 10 in Canada. The company had 10 offices in the United States and 10 in Canada.

We're going to live or we're going to die. If we're dead we're going to have to deal with that, if we're alive we're going to have to deal with being alive.

In the early evening he was dead, his chest ripped apart by four slugs from a 30-calibre handgun, the weapon held by a supposedly adoring fan who only hours before had requested, and re-



Mounties bearing casket of John Lennon in a general and year

ceived, a John Lennon photograph. Mark David Chapman, who was nine years old when the Beatles first appeared on The Ed Sullivan Show, felt that Lennon had scratched his name; he got a refund in blood and an unguish place in history. As usual, Lennon was ahead of even his own time. "You just have to carry on," he had written in 1970. "The dream is over."

And it was over in other ways for so many others. "Everybody's trying to get into the act," Jimmy Dunne had always said, and the "Schmooza" did himself, at 60 Actor Steve McQueen was dead at 50 from a heart attack, following surgery after spending several months at a controversial Mexican cancer treatment centre. Peter Sellers also had a heart attack, his smile, the master impersonator leaving behind as many faces as the memories. Jay Byrnes, the Bradford-born "Teen" was dead at 62. The "master of suspense," Alfred Hitchcock, expired at 80, easily the least dramatic death of the world's most famous director's career. Henry Miller was dead at 88, the author of *Tropic of Cancer*, *Sexus*, *Nexus* and

John and Yoko: the dream is over



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# On top of the world



Podberecki finally out of the shadows

It was a long time coming, but last week Steve Podberecki escaped the shadow of his uncle Ken Read. And it was fitting that the 26-year-old from Don Mills, Ont., would capture the spotlight on a treacherous course at St. Moritz, Switzerland, that many, including Read, considered "too fast."

The Calgary Canucks, Canada's World Cup downhill ski team, are the hottest darlings of the hyper-competitive world of exotic winter sports where 100-kilometer mountain assaults are measured in hundredths of seconds. Of the Canucks, outsize-abled, bilingual Read is the media's and his hometown's favorite. It was Read who shocked Blarney with a first-place finish at Val d'Isere, France, in 1976. Read who was twice last season and had a chance to win the World Cup downhill title up to the final race at Lake Louise, Alta. Always in the background, always plotting away was Podberecki. It was he who finished behind Read but was given the win two seasons ago when Read was disqualified; it was he who won the bronze medal at the Lake Placid Olympics in a race Read was favored to win, and it was he who finished third behind Read in the first race this year as the Canucks dominated the field.

But last week, the reputation and the day belonged to Podberecki as he set a career record by plummeting down the 2,516-meter St. Moritz track in a time of 1:54.35, one-tenth of a second ahead of Austrian Peter Wiesberger. "There was a sense of inevitability about it," said Podberecki of his victory. He is the

only Canadian to finish in the top 10 in all four men's slalom races (two third-place finishes and one tenth place), a feat remarkable in itself but astounding considering his accident at Ellmauer, Austria, just seven months earlier. In a bad split, there, Podberecki tore ligaments in his right knee. A couple of operations removed muscle tissue from his thigh to replace the ligaments. He expected him to race this year, and Podberecki said, "I really went into this season just hoping to maintain my position as the first seed. I thought there was no way I could really ski well."

But 30 hours a week of exertion and therapy and four races later, Podberecki stood alone in the top of the World Cup downhill competition. With six races left in the season and the World Cup title a distinct possibility, Podberecki is casting fast shadows of his own.

—HAL QUINN

## Futility thy name was Winnipeg

It was grand, that first home game of the season. The fans at the Winnipeg Arena cheered their Jets as they thrashed out against the Chicago Black Hawks. Some in the crowd of 12,258 could remember the late '60s when aging Bill Norenko wheeled for the Winnipeg of the Western Hockey League and most could remember way back to the

late '70s when Winnipeg was not considered an appropriate place for hockey of National Hockey League calibre. They had settled for the World Hockey Association version of their heroes, an aging Bobby Hull and the thrilling Swedes, Anders Hedberg and Ulf Nilsson. But this was 1980, Oct. 15, the second season for the new Jets, the big time. And it was a grand home-opener. The Jets beat the Black Hawks 6-2. As Christmas drew nigh, 67 days and 31 games had passed since that October night before the Jets won their second game.

The Jets this season staggered and lurched to historic depths previously visited only by the short-lived Kansas City Scouts, whose place in infamy had seemed secure in the 1970-76 season, the Scouts played 21 consecutive games without winning.

But by mid-December the Jets had shed the Scouts' record for futility and enrolled to long Island to play the defending champion Islanders. The new record was scored early in the game when Winnipeg had a man advantage



Celebrating Jets learned to lose

and the Islanders scored twice during the Jets' power plays. "Now that we're finally getting the record," said Jet captain playing coach Jody Dunder, "maybe we'll stop worrying about it and go out and play our game." They lost the next two.

The winless string reached 30 Jet Normand Dupont said wistfully, "Maybe it's going to stop tomorrow." It wasn't quite the next day, but finally on the eve of Christmas Eve, the Winnipeg Arena rocked as if the Jets had won the Stanley Cup. The team that had been the Kansas City Scouts, now reincarnated as the Colorado Rockies, came to town. In the final minutes of the third period, Steve Mittlestadt scored and the Jets actually won 6-4. "We had young kids on the team who had to learn to lose," said Winnipeg General Manager John Ferguson. That lesson mattered, Ferguson added, "Now they have to learn to win." —B.J.Q.



*"It's a flashing white blur at 70 MPH. The chill was in our spines and in the air. And Carrie and I were left with something we wouldn't trade with anyone."*

*"Wanting to start the bubbled out."*

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*Canadian Club*

*A taste of the world. The taste of home.*



# Slouching toward the beverage room

The transformation of dreary Canadian beer parlors into palaces for erotic spectacles



By Joanna Kidd

Her body glistering with sweat, Muffy attempts to pin her opponent, who wrangles free just before the live count. "Ah, c'mon Crutchen," screams an onlooker. "Skip her legs off!" The raucous Satire Lounge at the Olympic Hotel here in Metro Toronto's Scarborough is packed with a crowd of about 300 peering voyeurs—mostly male—absorbed in the latest manifestation of barroom bacchanalia: female mud-wrestling. The debauchery of the mud means that, as wrestling, it's slow and cumbersome, but as erotic spectacle the crowd loves it. The dis increases as the women, wearing only bathing suits, become coated in the recreational slush of the mud. "What a mess," says Mr. X, the light announcer. "Say, Muffy, did you ever see yourself like this way?"

Immersed in the brown oozing tangle, the wrestler doesn't bother to reply. But Mr. X might well have addressed his question to the Satire Lounge itself. "Say, Canadiana beverage room, did you ever see yourself this way?" For mud wrestling is only one example of a phenomenon spreading throughout Canada—the attraction of

**Daily Parlor Look-Alike Contest:**  
"the business is very competitive"

customers to bars by providing bizarre forms of erotic entertainment, ranging from conventional strip-tease through male strippers to wet T-shirt and wet shorts contests. Such activities may be equated as "open" either such as Hamburg or Amsterdam, but few places in the world seem as unilaterally a halfway for the excesses of Eras as that most Canadian institution, the beer parlor. Without natural light, music or games of any sort, the typical Canadiana beverage room was perfectly described by novelist Malcolm Lowry: "Nowhere in the world perhaps were there similar places whose name d'ltre is presumably social pleasure where this is made harder to obtain, somewhere else of such gigantic size, horror and total loneliness."

In this dreary setting, the average patron was most likely a solitary man draped in a hooker jacket and nodding upon the two phases of draft beer on the Formica table in front of him. Because of changes in attitudes and regulations in most provinces since the mid-'80s, the same figure—who a decade ago was not allowed to even stand with a

beer in his hand—is now free to stand, smoking, wet, or just his underwear. Today, almost anything is allowed in bars as "entertainment," provided there is not total nudity or "indecent acts" (described by one police spokesman as "persons playing with themselves or, you know, foreign objects"). The current laissez-faire policy is summed up by Ken Stewart, director of planning, policy and administration for the B.C. Liquor Control and Licensing Branch. "To the best of my knowledge, we've never had any unpleasant scenes. We've even had strippers dancing with males. We don't care."

The barman's blind eye toward soddy entertainment is coupled with the economic reality of an intensely competitive race for the drinker's dollar. In Ontario, for example, the number of licensed premises grew by almost 50 per cent in the four years following the passage of a new Liquor Licensing Act in 1975. Liberalized liquor legislation now permits in Alberta promotion to have a spillover effect. Suffering the brunt of this enlightenment are the huge beverage rooms, where bare to even the girliest of gamblers dare shell out for wide-screen television before discovering just as the perfect magnet for drinkers

The '80s witnessed the proliferation of female strippers in bars to the extent that more than 200 licensed establishments in Toronto now present strippers. But half of the potential market was being captured by bumpy-and-gritty promoters. As audiences turned away from the same tired routines, a new source of shock and revenue began to be mined about two years ago in the form of the male stripper. Boasting names such as Johnny Fantasy, Mr. Endowment and the Fibreoptic Cowboy, male strippers can be found across the country in bars like the Fort Semic in Halifax, the Casablanca Night Club in Regina, Calgary's Pink Panther Cabaret

and Pharaoh's in Vancouver. The scene at the Love Boat Room in the Tropicans Tavern in downtown Toronto is typical of the male-stripper phenomenon. The bar once went to the extreme of presenting a wrestling match between a male stripper and a bear, but a normal night supplies a mixture of disco music, good-humored razzle and sexual explicitness. The crowd is all smiles when the headliner, Mr. Tenor, begins his performance. The "wet-nighter" signed in neck terror as he paces his feet on shiny tables and displays his tightly clad anatomy. After four songs, the sole vestment adorning Mr. Tenor is a perle cloth bag from a bottle of Crown Royal whisky. "And I thought everyone kept Seattle ribs in there," laughs one woman. At another table, five women are relishing their night out on the town. "Her husband's away," explains one. "She's a good girl. So we thought we'd go out and do something bad." Adds her companion: "People are looking for something different. They can't always go to the disco or the disco is stay here and watch 'X'."



**Wet shorts contest (below left): mud-wrestling (below center), the Fibreoptic Cowboy on an unlikely habitat for the excesses of Eras**



ness is very competitive." In the contest, four women don blonde wigs, stuff their blouses (no one will wear the blouses provided) and display their talents in a carefully choreographed "wet" routine. Small wonder then that during the debut the house remains as achingly empty as a specimen bottle. "I can see Mr. Tenor is going to get some ragers," admits Ralphase. "People are spoiled."

They are spoiled perhaps by an overabundance of erotic offerings. Edward Shorter, professor of history at the University of Toronto, says the explosion of sexual-oriented entertainment is bare as part of the erotic revolution that has been under way since the mid-'60s.



and Pharaoh's in Vancouver.

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But at least they go home dry. In the battle to keep customers aroused, many



**Wet T-shirt contest, a battle to keep the customers aroused by participation**

only in their best breath, and clap for the most attractive. As barflies as they may seem, even wet-garment contests lose their novelty. The G.K. Curral bar in New Westminster, B.C., recently found its "wet nights contest" and "the biggest wet T-shirt contest in town" sagging in attendance, so manager Edna Ralphase initiated a Daily Parlor Bikini Look-Alike Contest to bolster Tuesday night business. "We're not really sure how it will go," says a worried Ralphase before the debut. "You've got to have these silly little games, you know. The busi-

"Now people's libidinal desires are very up-front," says Shorter. "People are very interested in their interior lives which they see as basically sexual. So the aim becomes how to get at much sexual self-realization as possible. These kinds of things appeal to our individual desires, and anything that's sexually appealing becomes something to be consumed."

And, of course, if there's a market for something, there will always be someone to supply the commodity. "Honestly, I've never seen as many excited, entertained, interested, lured," says Harry Kane, who usually has line-ups for the three-weekly mud wrestling in his Winnipeg bar, Wellington's. "People are people. Kids want toys, grown-ups want toys. They want to be entertained by something new and different." To speculate which could be next is "new and different" bar entertainment is futile (as Hamilton, Ont., tavern went as far as staging exhibition boxing matches last month). One thing is certain. It will be heavier, probably in bad taste and almost certainly a roaring, if brief, success.

With photos from John Montano, Graham Street, and Peter Corbridge-Gordon and Anne Byrnes.

## Bumper crop of poetic licences

**A** silver and blue Rolls-Royce lashed by its licence plates sigh to LOST A. A burgundy Ford Mustang laments *PLATE*, while a battered Volkswagen bugs plates wistfully nostalgic. The irony is among some 6,000 British Columbia motorists who have slapped down \$75 in the past year to have what amounts to a monogram on their cars. The \$75 fee, which is good for five years, is in addition to the regular annual license fee. By law, the slogan can be no more than six characters long and may not be offensive, suggestive or in bad taste. Although it is also against the law to have

(IN 1987), and advertisement (1988-90).

The plates seem to express a desire among people to address an increasingly digitized world. University of British Columbia psychology Professor Alan Black says, "We have gone so far toward dehumanizing our entire society by numbers that there are a lot of people who are pushing the other way." But there are times when numbers can be troubling. Vancouver administrative assistant Diane Green, 31, rates herself a TEN, and isn't worried about freeway lettering. "At 58 inches on a foot, it's hard for them to hassle you," USC Professor Don Lockwood, 37, with 5M WICK on his Datsun 2800SX, says. "The car needed something special." But engineer Sasha Konstantinov, 36, also of Vancouver, regards his plates as an affliction. He intends to hand down his 1A31A tags to his son, Sasha junior.

Whatever the reason, the plates appear to be a success, and the popularity will likely continue if the trend in the U.S. many imitations. California, which is among 45 American states offering personalized plates, has \$85,000 in or-

## A fertile beam of hope

**W**hile birth control has given at least two generations of women greater sexual freedom, it has contributed as well to another kind of sexual oppression, infertility. Each year, an estimated 305,000 women in North America find they are unable to become pregnant because their reproductive organs have been damaged by venereal diseases or infections resulting from birth control methods like the intrauterine device (IUD).

But now, microsurgery harnessing the laser has produced a new method of reversing infertility. In the past year, gynecologist Joseph Bellini of the South-Helbert Medical Complex in New Orleans has used a carbon dioxide laser to successfully treat 37 women who had been given up hope of achieving fertility through conventional surgery. And early in the new year, St. Joseph's Hospital in London, Ont., will become the only other North American facility to offer laser fallopian surgery.

Sterility must often result when a disease or infection scars the lining of the fallopian tubes (the avenues through which the eggs travel from the ovaries to the uterus), creating blockages. In conventional fallopian surgery, gynecologists (using electrically charged instruments) are used to "burn out" damaged portions of the pipe—this 10-cm tubes. Then the healthy parts are stitched back together. But Bellini points out that up to 60 per cent of the operations fail because a secondary bacterial infection is contracted during the lengthy four-hour operation. On the other hand, the beam of the laser—which is focused through a glass rod filled with carbon dioxide and activated by electrical impulses—works like an invisible and extraordinarily precise scalpel, destroying less than one-tenth as many surrounding healthy cells and leaving less scar tissue than in conventional surgery. As well, since surgery with the laser can be performed in less than two hours, secondary bacterial infections are kept at a minimum.

With an 87-per-cent success rate so far, Bellini is confident that laser surgery gives new hope to women damaged by disease, and to women for whom birth control turned out to be a more persistent affliction than they bargained for. —DANIEL FLEWIS



more than one of the same monogram out on the road, variation on a theme are allowed. For example, the even-popular "crusties" has appeared as CRUSTIES, CRUSTY and CRUST.

B.C. Motor Vehicle Division Manager Arnold Clark says the plates—offered to no-other province—came about not to revenue producers but merely "in response to public demand." While names and initials are by far the most popular choices on the B.C. plates, others are more creative. Hence plates of self-proclaimed OVERGITS, ESTABLISHED 1840/91, and LASERWARRIORS (DRA. PCE), CLONAL

### Green: misstepping personalization

calution and receives about 11,000 applications each month. It seems, though, that there may be at least one blurb since the plates are easier to read and tend to be catchy, they are easier to remember. "When police are chasing a car," says Vernon traffic sergeant Tom Sheldrick, "it's much easier to note down a slogan than a three-lettered-number plate." Adds Tom Barber, who has dubbed his car YOM like: "You tend not to do too much drinking and driving with a plate like that." —DAVID LANE

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### MEET THE EDITORS



Christine Zeng  
 Editor  
 FLARE  
 Editor's role  
 Editor's role  
 Editor's role



Bill Conklin  
 Editor  
 FLARE  
 Editor's role  
 Editor's role  
 Editor's role

Research and writing: Richard and Mary. TV appearances: on every aspect of health and beauty.

# Promises that are full of gas

Some fuel-saving devices fall far short of exorbitant claims made in their advertising

Faced with a \$2,500 weekly fuel bill for his 81-vehicle Toronto courier service, Bob Ropych was counselled with finding a way to cut the expense that is slowly eating away his company's profits. When a smooth-talking salesman turned up on his doorstep last summer claiming the virtues of a car accessory called a fuel pressure regulator—a \$59.95 gadget said to cut gasoline consumption by 30 per cent—Ropych

hesitated. All but one—a hockey-guad-sized switch called the *Fuelmaster*—have been tested and judged ineffective by the National Research Council (NRC) in Ottawa and Washington's U.S. Environmental Protection Agency (EPA). One distributor takes pains to defend his product against the government tests. Says Paul Scrivener, vice-president of Midpoint Filter King Products (Ottawa): "These 100 wonder boys in

consumers this year, the federal government has laid charges against seven distributors of gas-saving gadgets. Of the three that have gone to trial so far, all have pleaded guilty.

Even when convictions are obtained, the resulting penalty is often not enough to drive the company out of business. Last August, Ottawa slapped a \$7,500 fine on the New Brunswick distributors of the Gas Master, a product



Fried (left): Stoubo: no set standards for fuel-saver to meet

lurged at the chance and bought several. A few months later, with little sign of reduced fuel bills—except in one freshly overhauled vehicle—Ropych found himself grilling the device one last chance. "I knew from the start they wouldn't work," says manager Don Stoubo. "My boss is lucky he hasn't paid for them yet."

For Gordon Charles and his colleagues at the federal department of consumer and corporate affairs, Ropych's experience illustrates a headache that just won't go away. "We've only skimmed the surface of a rapidly growing new game," says Charles, one of a handful of experts on misleading advertising assigned to stem the tide of consumer ripoffs at the gasoline pump. Since the price of a gallon of gas topped \$1 at the pump within the past three years, hundreds of letter-day smoke-oil salacious have been quick to take advantage of a gas-conscious, but glib, public. In Canada alone, more than 300 so-called gas-savers—with such space-age names as *Easy-Def Supercharger*, *Oil-Mix Fuel-Injector*, *X-20* and *Motolity Tube*—have flooded the market with promises of lower fuel con-

sumption. All but one—a hockey-guad-sized switch called the *Fuelmaster*—have been tested and judged ineffective by the National Research Council (NRC) in Ottawa and Washington's U.S. Environmental Protection Agency (EPA). One distributor takes pains to defend his product against the government tests. Says Paul Scrivener, vice-president of Midpoint Filter King Products (Ottawa): "These 100 wonder boys in

consumers this year, the federal government has laid charges against seven distributors of gas-saving gadgets. Of the three that have gone to trial so far, all have pleaded guilty. Even when convictions are obtained, the resulting penalty is often not enough to drive the company out of business. Last August, Ottawa slapped a \$7,500 fine on the New Brunswick distributors of the Gas Master, a product

sumption by 35 per cent and reduce the engine's running temperature. The company simply altered its advertising and kept on operating. Another firm, P.K. Products of British Columbia, was also convicted of misleading advertising in August. Midpoint Filter King Products continues to sell identical Filter King fuel filters in Ontario, oblivious to bad publicity generated by the trial of its Ontario distributor in B.C. (although the Ontario operation is not as cozy in its claims as its western counterpart). Says Martin Friend, the NRC official in charge of lab-testing the devices: "Like madonnas, these companies keep peeping up in different parts of the country, selling the same worthless products with modified sales pitches."

Still, as long as government officials are able only to scratch the surface of the lucrative racket, Friend doesn't mind mock those who see the con artists will disappear. But if it's any consolation to Ropych and other victims, they're not alone. As Friend notes, "If I weren't right when he said, 'There's a sucker born every minute,'"

—CAROL BERNAN

## BOOKS

# Give him some men who are stouthearted men...

These memoirs are not likely to cause Conservative rejoicing



Horner (left), with his revised *Chief*. Joe Clark was a *Chief* for someone else

BY JOHN BRAND  
by Jack Horner  
(Ottawa, \$24.95)

My *Own Brand* is a cheerful book by an adjectiveophile misfit, but it is unlikely to cause outbreaks of sneering and skewing in the back rooms of the Progressive Conservative party. Horner is not only one of the 70s more celebrated political defectors but a writer who expresses himself about his former colleagues with a candor rare even on his native grounds. "A very, very bad choice," he says of Robert Stanfield—and Joe Clark does not come off quite so well. As a former member of the Stouffville shadow cabinet, Horner thought Clark "ought make it as a sheepherder."

The roots of Jack Horner's problems with John Diefenbaker's successors lie in the Diefenbaker legend. He was a Diefenbaker loyalist who internalized

this in the first place because of his regard for the covered Chief, and his book includes some of the most sympathetic sightings of the departed champion since Tim Van Dusen's *The Chief* of 1968. (Even Horner's editor, John Munro, has wronged Dief ties, being the principal historian and writer of the Diefenbaker memoirs, *One Canada*.) Dief really was *The Chief*. He ran the party with a minimum of assistance from its extra-parliamentary wing, which took its revenge by helping to arrange his dismissal. That wing Horner identifies with the party's current establishment, which he saw as reluctant to accept a small-time Prairie lawyer as prime minister. Horner was Stanfield and Clark as the establishment's chosen, and until the eve of the leadership convention in 1995 he did not even take Clark seriously as a contender. "I thought that he was a front for someone else."



parliamentary career, for Horner, who had always been a forthright and outspoken member, in the mid-90s he added a substantial number of leading Conservatives to his list.

He was a formidable critic. Anybody who thinks we try to settle for rubber-stamping whatever his leaders de-



she will find *My Own Bread* a considerably surprising discovery in the house was always his own man, one who did his homework and talked a lot. ("Anytime you need a speech on anything," he told his House leader in 1963, "give me a ring.") The media was puzzled how an unpretentious two-dimensional portrait as a two-dimensional red-neck from the West, but a reading of what he actually said yields a different picture. Horner had a reputation for being anti-British, it was his real point, as he said in the House of Commons was that "the Hutterite farms in Western Canada are not subject to income tax in the same manner as are all other farms in Western Canada." He was prepared to be opposed to bilingualism but in fact he was counted on the Trudeau government was going about it the wrong way. When in 1977 the prime minister sounded him out on a potential cabinet reshuffle, the two had no quarrel over bilingualism.

Horner's reasons for joining the Liberals are consistent with his record as an MP, and it is typical of his career that he was sought by the government yet readily let go by his former associates. It is an understatement that Horner was a distinguished opposition member who believed that an opposition could be effective—provided its members were motivated. It was in part that quality that endeared John Diefenbaker to him, but Horner clearly has it himself. His editor, John Nais, who has done a splendid job of keeping the history of Horner's voice in the text, writes in an unusual forward: "working with Jack Horner has been one of the high points of my life." Unlike some of the book's editorial preambles. ("The price," Horner says "by and large, are a pretty small lot"), that one is easy to believe.

—NORMAN WARD

## A sainted giant from the South

THE COLLECTED STORIES OF  
RUDOLPH WELTY  
by Eugene Welty  
(Academy Press, \$22.95)

To treat this book as a session for the passing of ritual comment seems somehow appropriate and beside the point, like suggesting a gift to a friend. Compiled from four previous collections, which appeared between 1961 and 1986, and including two stories that appeared in *The New Yorker* in 1985 and 1986, there are 51 stories in all, each of them written in a voice so distinctive and hard that to read them is to share the pleasure that must surely have attended their creation. They



Welty: universal beauty parlor talk

make you want to smile, and not because they are always comical—sometimes they portray misery with a subtlety that is in essence their artifice, a glacial and aching haunch from Jackson, Miss., looks upon her fellow mortals with a regard that is as warm as it is clear and true.

At a time when publishing, like other businesses, seems to have only to flourish and consume, Rudolph Welty makes literature a higher calling. Her work supplies its own standard of quality—there is really no question of shortcoming. Instead, her judges only get to look for uniqueness, shades of brilliance, and to pass her name on to those who may not know it. All these who already know her share the common knowledge that Welty is from the South and writes about it, the knows what grows in that particular earth. On the stories, there are nearly always ebullient (true) scenes of them, grouped under the title *The Golden Apples*, concern the population of one town, Nantux, while the moments and drama she describes are rooted in geography that makes them particular and particularly felt. They are not sharded there. Though it has a special rhythm, the beauty parlor

talk in *Petroleum Run*—"And Mrs. Pike, the gas station lady" (and she thinks she was Mrs. God, and Lenta)—is also universal. Similarly, the fervent desperation described in *Flowers for Maypole*, set in New York, splendidly becomes that place but is not peculiar to it.

Whenever Welty directs her imagination, her conscience, her poetic syntax and her graceful, daring language follows. She can impersonate a wounded ex-slave (Cove) or a foolish young woman (*Why I Love the P.O.*) She can transcendently relate how a dead man hears a boy drop or how a black man named Pseudochrys plays the piano like Dixie Dickinson, she can notice the abstract ("It affected him like a secret") or like Raymond Chandler offer sassy detail ("She wore jewelry worth about eleven dollars and a quarter all together"). Who but she would think to put in a public park an anonymous foot that "made an immense of a dusty pink chewing gum wrapper blowing by." The way Welty's words can be so right in unending. As she does "never like a table walking." To a young boy looking through a telescope, a sailor and his girl friend coupling turn into something more familiar: "Like a big grasshopper (lighting, all their legs and arms drew into one small body...."

In a modest perfect, Rudolph Welty speaks lightly of the ability to "enter into the mind, heart and skin of a human being who is not myself." It is not far for her to say but for many others to practice how thrillingly she demonstrates such a talent.

—DAVID LIVINGSTONE

### NALCEN'S BEST-SELLER LIST

#### Fiction:

- 1 *The Constant Husband* (1)
- 2 *The Key to Babylon, Palace* (2)
- 3 *Pavlovsk, King* (3)
- 4 *The Ghost of Africa, Sherman* (4)
- 5 *Bar of Angels, Shaban* (5)
- 6 *John, Theo and New, Fisher* (6)
- 7 *Voices in Time, MacLennan* (7)
- 8 *Atlantis, MacLean* (8)
- 9 *The Third Temptation, Tremblay* (9)
- 10 *Flower, Amy* (10)

#### Nonfiction:

- 1 *The Northern House, Gays* (1)
- 2 *Common Sense* (2)
- 3 *The Invasion of Canada, 1812-1813*, Horton (3)
- 4 *Crisis Investing, Cuddy* (4)
- 5 *The Little Testament, Russell* (5)
- 6 *The Chess, Fraser* (6)
- 7 *Lovers, Butler* (7)
- 8 *The New Canadian Tax and Investment Guide, Ross* (8)
- 9 *In Search of Mrs. Allen, Bennett* (9)
- 10 *Peter the Great, Moore* (10)

(1) Pending but with

# Betty Kennedy

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# The fast way to the bottom—and the top

*Lally Cadogan's four-night debut is the video version of being shot from a cannon*

By Bill MacVicar

YOU'VE COME A LONG WAY, KATE  
CBC, Jan. 4, 5, 6

**Y**ou've Come a Long Way, Kate is Dorothy Finkler's short story *The Blonde* updated for the 1990s. In 1986, a three-handkerchief tale of too many pills and too much liquor. It has too much to beat, and beats out a monetary tactic for a well-brought-up Scots girl who comes to rain in the fast lanes of big-city ways, appropriately, it comes our way smack in the middle of the season of New Year's resolutions.

Kate Forbes (Lally Cadogan) is a young, 30ish media starlet who arrives in a loud TV gabfest. Her marriage is on the rocks, and before a rough show she's liable to pop a few Valiums, afterward covered with a few drinks. No big deal, she thinks, but we know better, as apparently does her producer Virginia (Diana Hyland), given to snuffing Kate's coffee mug for traces of Johnnie Walker Red. After her DUIs, leaving her with his words ("Never sample, never explain"). Kate fails to mope off down with her out and a bottle and staying too long in bars. At the end of the first episode, *Mindset* Muse, Kate's job is on the line.

A career shift takes place in the second hour, *A Mouth on the Moon*, chronicling Kate's drying out after an admission from the non-upbeat Virginia. Its writer, Jay Trifiro (episodes one and three are by Alexander Lasker, also the show's producer), is a graduate of Toronto's Danwood Institute, where *Alvin* took place, the script skirts the roots of Kate's previous malaise in order to push a few well-considered trappings into her knowledge and edge. Kate refuses to acknowledge her addiction but, after a program of rest, exercise and an analgesic drug, she not only regains the space but falls in love to boot. When Kate exits from this revolving poster, she's floating on a peak cloud the size of Prince Edward Island—she wants to change the world. But she fails a big audition for an important news show. And she slips, as she would with the earth stacked so deftly against one. Soon she's back to the nightly shogers and leads off hangovers with handfuls of tranquis. The gyms, the vertes, the porno open.

Lally Cadogan is so transfusing an



Cadogan: Cover Girl and character

Cadogan, ascending through the pocolo highs and rambling lows of this chemically created character, that we don't at once notice some logical layers or evidence of sympathies. There's the pure pharmacological sympathy which, while alerting us that alcohol and tranquillizers is familiar enough cross-addiction, especially for young women (as be hazardous in the extreme, measures as that pleasant and effective means exist for treatment. Then there's the dramatic sympathy for Kate, the spunky small-town dreamer come to the big town failed for every reason that glaucoma has been known to lose out. Ultimately,

the script lets Kate out. Her drug with sobriety has been so greivous we're reminded that Kate, after a bad patch, doesn't pull up her socks and survives.

Are the addictions harder to look than we have been led to believe, or does Kate really lose for self-obsession? When the end comes—squalidly photographic, the old melodramatic telepathy—we have no choice, or maybe too easy to bother to follow.

It's the video equivalent of being shot from a cannon or, at least, making a pretentive entrance on a red carpet, withbling lights and a ravenous crowd of autograph-seekers. Beginning in

Jan. 4, Lally Cadogan stars in a three-hour, three-episode dramatic open *You've Come a Long Way, Kate*. Then, without even a day's breather, she appears on the 10th in one in a 16-episode sitcom called *Maquis*. For the next six weeks Canadian actresses who have schemed for such exposure for the better part of their careers—all before—owner Cadogan handles the celebrity with a transporter's aplomb.

So who is this woman and where did she come from? Certainly preposterous and the call of the crowd were only peripheral motivations in her life and what success she has had has come only lately. By the time she was 4, Alice Mary's name had become persistently stated into "Lally" (the Cadogan was a gift from her French-Canadian father). She led a conventional Catholic upbringing in Hamilton, Ont., except for a brief stint studying with Denis Mayer Moore when she was 10 and a stage debut as the young Elizabeth I when she was 11. But acting was only a sideline, and when Cadogan lived in Vancouver for seven years she dabbled in theatre at night while working in the city planner's office. At age 20 she decided to "take the plunge." She signed up with touring companies and worked her way back out, the closer she got to the urban centres the more she felt in step. "If you're an outsider,

you're an outsider," she thought. In 1988 she planted her roots in Toronto, where, about to turn 30 this month, she lives in an old house still showing the dust of renovation, with father, Winchestrane and her daughter, Sara Brooke, 41 (even the vocalists could groan that it was a realistic move. After some steady work in commercials ("with a little bit of character and humor in them"), she landed parts in two episodes of the *City*'s *Mega-Les* series and a featured role in last season's *For the Honor* drama. *Harvest*. Then came the audition for *Kate*, and she got it. "That was the plan," she acknowledges. It was 33 days in the *Alvin*, "usually 16-hour days, no days a week," she recalls, as if that were no more than business as usual for a working screen.

But the role of Kate Forbes is plainly not business as usual. As an efficient television exec trying to cope with her career and circumstantial headaches, Cadogan is almost constantly in front of the camera. There's the medium, an unrelenting. Kate's flashing sensibilities under not unlike those of Marlene Hardly. James Glicken's camera on *Pinkland* spots ("Yes, I've heard that many times," she sighs). There's the longing, restless Kate, yearning like a cornered viper, then Kate of the meetings after, like death on a sad teacher.

Cadogan negotiates all these transformations from within, rearranging the slackness and tautness of her face to order ("I'm not much of a believer in stage makeup," she confides. "Usually you can get away with no more than Cover Girl and a sense of character.")

Her character's clarity gets further across in *Harvest* (it's still being taped, which takes place in a youth counselling centre, headed by Cadogan playing yet another Kate. It agrees to the long-gestated, unadmitted farm of U.S. women such as *Barney Miller*, in which name and poignant moments lend them they will. It may prove to be a Canadian sitcom of the 1990s rather than the 1980s, one plus it has going for it is Cadogan.

She's a natural, always a character rearing in character, never a performer doing a turn. She stays poised and unshippable amid the audacious sedations of studio taping work, when she peers across the broad planes of her slackness with trained and candid eye, you know she's solid. It's instructive that her view of Kate Forbes (and the script) is as of a survivor. "I think if she had a bus railroad into the institute, if she had a beer slipped there, she would have been all right." Well, but Kate has Lally Cadogan, she probably would have, she's not one to let folks down, least of all herself. ☐

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# Once and future things

The year 1981 will bring new and repaired inspiration

By Allan Fotheringham

A 1980 that brought us Mount St. Helens, Mark David Chapman, Chrysler and Massey-Ferguson, plus lousy jeans and yet another Liberal government, must be improved upon. The year 1981, if you must know, will bring you new and repaired inspiration.

Newfoundland Premier Brian Peckford will not begin to take humble pills.

Hot-red fernprush, previously seen only in pictures of pleasure but now seen in the best of drawing rooms, will be ready to cheer other places of residence.

Vancouver 'Canada's Tiger Williams, who described patterns of the Pacific Coliseum who cheer the name of Montreal Canadiens as frog-lovers, will not be asked by Claude Ryan to accept a Liberal nomination.

Nanny Reagan will put her tiny little foot into her mouth several times and will be regarded as a brevette, though stunner, Daily Parton.

The Pope will visit Antarctica.

Herb Gray will not become leader of the Liberal party. The only person surprised will be Miss Grey.

Peter Laughhead will crack one (1) joke in 2081. He will not laugh. Neither will his audience, seated, never before known blood-splattered from a stone.

Senator Harry Hays (Calgary Newfound) still won't know what the fax is all about.

Bill Broadbent will develop a permanent crack in his neck from pining over his shoulder at Bob Rae.

Barrie Trudeau, who has avoided the Fur West of Canada like the plague (the feeling is mutual) since the election, while concentrating on the Near East and Arabia, will finally make it to the West after his latest trips to Africa and Brazil.

The world will continue to wash that in the Iran-Iraq war both sides could lose.

Bo Derek will go the way of Farrah. Allen Fotheringham is a columnist for Southern News.

Powett-Magers and Cheryl Tings inflation will hit 18 per cent and John Goshko's third sentence in the Commons will rise accordingly. 'Can the country stand a future Tory leader who has a sense of humor?

So-called western separatism will prove, on examination, to be composed of one Boudie lawyer from Victoria, a posse of urban cowboys who drink Heady Cansara for breakfast in Calgary suburban and 300 transplanted cowboys from Hamilton and Montreal



who were machinery salesman back home and now drive taxis.

Margaret Trudeau's new book will contain recipes, fashion tips and her views on OPEC. It will be made into a movie, starring Flora MacDonnell.

Following their tremendous success in purchasing Jack Hammer, the Liberals will continue to try and find some way of securing Saskatchewan Premier Allan Rockwood.

The Thrax will continue to try and find some fireworks way of getting rid of Joe Clark. Joe says cartoonists are partly to blame for his weak image. So is Joe Clark.

Harold Ballard will continue to capture the nation with his charm and modesty.

The decline of Britain as a serious country will be reinforced by the commitment of the exorbitant Fleet Street press over which pink-cheeked debauches will achieve the dubious success of becoming the bride of Prince Charles.

Pierre Trudeau will neglect to port

out to the Canadian people that patriots of the constitution will not make Canada an independent country as long as it has a foreign Queen.

Toronto Argonauts will finish last. This will kill off what's left of western separatism.

There will be a new government in Italy.

The Parti Quebecois will continue to slide and René Lévesque will continue to smoke Parler.

The Liberal government will continue to bribe Western Canada — rather than bribe a base — with the \$4-billion Western Canada Development Fund. The votes will continue to support the NDP and the Conservatives.

Roscoe Reagan will wear cowboy boots to the Oval Office one day, thereby placing the entire Warsaw pact on battle alert.

Billy Carter will write his memoirs. It will be a thin book.

The summit session, which will have Ottawa as the site of their summer meeting, will develop a mutual interest in a dead Englishman.

President Ronald Reagan, as they attempt to puzzle out what moved her to pick that spot for a capital.

President Ronald Reagan, who will be 76 in a few weeks, will be shipwrecked through the uncharitable clouds of international affairs by General Alexander Haig, who helped protect Richard Nixon in his last days, while Henry Kissinger will continue to run the United States.

Governor-General Edward Schreyer, the next time he shatters a ship, will wear hooded gloves.

Justice Minister Jean Chrétien, the next time he tries to frame a patronage package, will have less in the grandeur granted around Mr. Trudeau and more to his conscience.

Steve Nagorski will go on a diet. No one will notice.

Joe Clark will change his image. No one will notice.

Editorial writers will continue to put "must" and "should" into their last sentence. No one will pay any attention.



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